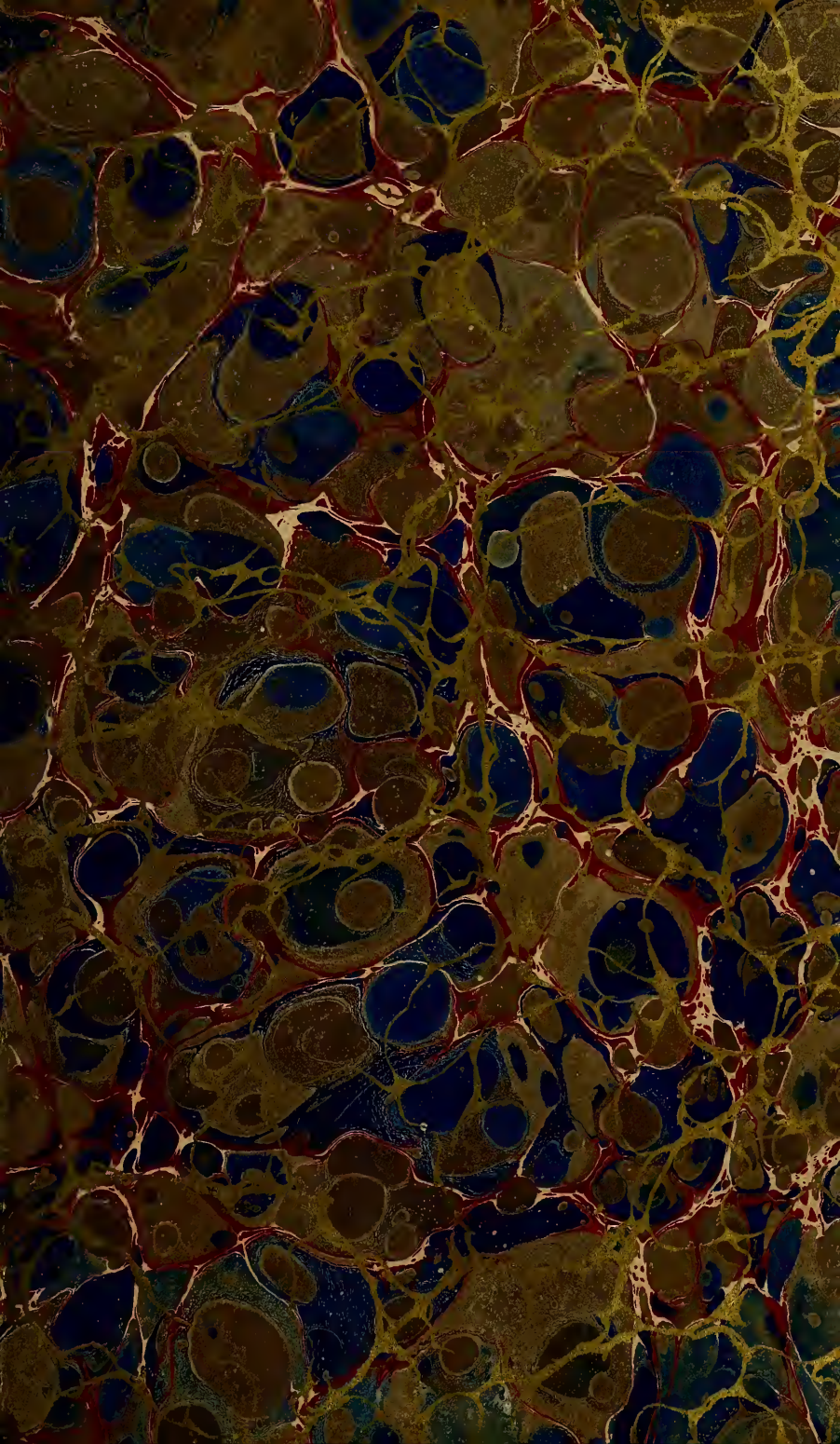


The image shows the front cover of a book. The cover is decorated with a marbled paper pattern featuring large, irregular, cell-like shapes in shades of brown, blue, and red. A wide, ornate border in gold tooling runs along the edges of the cover. In the center, there is a rectangular white label with black text.

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A SEQUEL

TO

D O N J U A N.



Et tant que oui et nenni se dira,

Par l' univers, le monde me lira.

— *Clement Marot.*

SECOND EDITION.

159765

LONDON:

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

Five Cantos of the "SEQUEL TO DON JUAN" are now issued to the public: should they be received with favour, eleven more will shortly follow, it being the original intention of the writer to extend the work to the same length as the "DON JUAN" of Lord Byron. In the meantime the Author deems it prudent to withhold his name from the title-page—with the promise, however, that he shall feel bound to reveal himself should the remaining eleven cantos of his poem be called for.



A SEQUEL TO

# DON JUAN.

## CANTO I.

### I.

Of Juan's amorous warfare and the fruit  
Of those illicit loves, whose carnal taste  
Brought into Doctors' Commons many a suit,  
With loss of character, 'till re-made chaste  
By holy priest, and mass and gold to boot,—  
Sing, heavenly Muse,\* that much hath learned to waste  
Thy time of late with striplings, who, in spite  
Or love, sit down their stanzas to indite.

\* Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater man  
Redeem us, and restore the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly Muse. &c.

*Commencement of Milton's "Paradise Lost."*



## II.

Don Juan's loves, to men the direful spring  
 Of horns unnumbered, heavenly goddess, tell : \*  
 Of Venus' court the laureate, now sing  
 How the enchanter worked his powerful spell :—  
 The serious and the gay thou, Muse, shalt bring,  
 That varied in their tones thy notes may swell ;  
 But let your humour not resemble " Chuzzlewit,"  
 To find the fun of which would sadly puzzle wit.

## III.

Love and the man I sing, who, forced by fate,  
 And urged by Fortune's most unwearied smile,†  
 Acquired full many a jealous husband's hate,  
 But charmed their daughters and their wives the while :  
 No heart could e'er resist that jaunty gait—  
 'That ease of manner—that bewitching guile  
 Flowing from lips as sweet and honied (let us  
 Choose a good simile) as Mount Hymettus.

\* Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
 Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing !

— *Commencement of Pope's Translation of the " Iliad."*

† Arms and the man I sing, who forced by fate,  
 And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate.

— *Commencement of Dryden's Translation of the " Æneid."*

## IV.

Lo ! I, the man, whose Muse whilome did hide,  
 As public taste her taught, in mere romance,\*  
 Am chosen now to publish far and wide,  
 Through England, Germany, Spain, Belgium, France,  
 America, and all the world beside,  
 The deeds of him whose smile and tender glance  
 Undid more hearts than e'er were riddled through  
 By stalworth knight with lance and faulchion true.

## V.

Here, reader, is a very nice selection  
 Of epic introductions—choose between  
 The four thus offered unto your inspection :—  
 For my part, I prefer the “ Faerie Queene ;”  
 But should you have another predilection,  
 We cannot blame your taste, for there have been  
 Numbers who think the argument those urge ill  
 Who would place Spenser in the rank with Virgil.

## VI.

If some old maid or bilious moralist  
 Should cavil at these verses, I declare  
 And on an affidavit would insist,  
 That I am innocent of what is there :  
 I merely act as an epitomist  
 Of deeds whose weight Don Juan's back must bear ;—  
 I would make matters better, were I able,  
 But cannot turn a history to a fable.

\* Lo ! I, the man whose Muse whilome did mask,  
 As time her taught, in lowly shepherd's weeds.

— Commencement of Spenser's “ *Faerie Queene*.”

## VII.

If I were only half as great as Xerxes,  
 I'd rule the nation with a righteous hand ;  
 But not on principles like Peel's. He works his  
 Arguments out on grounds where naught can stand ;  
 His soul is far more grovelling than the Turk's ;—his  
 Logic resembles houses built on sand ;—  
 But then he was a *parvenu* himself,  
 And likes to place inferiors on the shelf.

## VIII.

However—as I said—I've not the power  
 To make the slightest emendation in  
 This narrative—nor rob it of a flower—  
 Nor purge it of a particle of sin.  
 Did it for me the dungeons of the Tower,  
 Or a good pension and a title, win,  
 'Twere all the same—for forth must go this history,  
 Robed in that truthful garb which hates all mystery.

## IX.

The canvass fritters into shreds—the tone  
 Of music's mute—the column turns to dust—  
 Sculpture's sweet lineament a void has grown—  
 The weapons of the mighty warrior rust—  
 Convulsions overturn the greatest throne—  
 The painting yields to violence or must ;—  
 But to the end of time all tongues prolong,  
 With raptures e'er renewed, the Poet's song.

## X.

Apelles' pencil, Cæsar's victor brand,  
 Phidæas' chisel, Archimedes' wheels  
 Yield to the strength of Time's unsparing hand ;—  
 But every age the force of Homer feels !  
 The Poet's pen for ever will withstand  
 The worm which from each other object steals  
 Its glory and its brightness :—Shakspeare's muse  
 With each successive age her power renews.

## XI.

The past, the present, and the future—bound  
 By the elastic chain of Poetry—  
 Kneel at her shrine in reverence profound,  
 Hymning her praise in her own harmony :  
 From pole to pole those Pœan notes resound,  
 O'er death to celebrate her victory :—  
 The polished and the savage all rehearse,  
 In their own language, the triumphal verse !

## XII.

Happy the poet—be he poor, opprest !  
 Be he proscribed, with Dante,—or enchained,  
 With Tasso, in a madhouse,—or unblest,  
 With Milton, by the sun-light,—or constrained,  
 With Chatterton, to know that constant guest  
 Named Poverty !—happy the bard who gained  
 His daily meal by wandering, staff in hand,  
 To sing “ Achilles' wrath ” throughout the land !

## XIII.

But to our theme. Had we Asmodeus' power,  
On Norman Abbey's spacious roof we'd place  
Our reader, just at that auspicious hour  
When Juan and the Duchess face to face  
Met in *his* chamber, which became the bower  
Of joys it were not prudent here to trace—  
At least without a note to tell young Miss  
To skip the four next stanzas after this.

## XIV.

The moment that her Grace dropt her disguise,  
And stood in a voluptuous undress,  
Revealing her ripe beauties—Juan's eyes  
Betrayed that joy which eyes alone express.  
A moment did he gaze—and then the prize,  
Self-given, was clasped with fervent eagerness :  
The Hebe Duchess seemed but little coy—  
Another Helen with her Phrygian boy !

## XV.

Entranced they lay—Juan's head pillowed on  
Her naked bosom, palpitating, warm :  
And, as he lay, his eyes could feast upon  
The beauties of that rich voluptuous form,  
O'er which an easy conquest he had won,  
Without the tears of April or the storm  
Of dark December, to depreciate  
Th' intoxicating joys of that blest state.

## XVI.

The yellow lustre of the lamp streamed o'er  
The noble outlines of that shape so fair ;  
A mirror, placed conveniently before  
The couch, reflected the enamoured pair ;—  
The clothes had all been tossed upon the floor,  
And lay forgotten and unheeded there :—  
Cradled in indolent voluptuousness,  
Their's was the pleasure which no words express !

## XVII.

And ever and anon a billing kiss  
Upon the silence of the chamber stole—  
That silence favourable to the bliss,  
Congenial to the transports of the soul :  
They knew that they were naked—but for this  
Felt not ashamed ;—(indeed, upon the whole,  
I cannot comprehend the reason why  
Adam and Eve showed such false modesty.)

## XVIII.

I know not why we should those gifts refuse  
Which make life void at least of half its care :  
Nature herself enjoins the moderate use  
Of pleasure—and for that is woman fair,  
And wine delicious. 'Tis of the abuse  
Of nature's choicest boons we should beware.—  
Approach the stream, if temperance be your guide,  
But plunge not headlong in the rapid tide.

## XIX.

Oh ! I have revelled in the arms of pleasure,  
 Forgetful of the world and all its woes ;—  
 I've found that woman is a matchless treasure,  
 And that her love is pure as Alpine snows ;—  
 And I have also quaffed the vine-crowned measure,  
 In which Epernay's sparkling nectar flows ;  
 But I observe the maxim not to sip  
 Too often from the bowl, nor Beauty's lip.

## XX.

'Tis very easy thus to moralise,  
 And with such coolness recommend our maxim ;—  
 But will the lover, when a pair of eyes  
 Which might lose Actium again, attacks him,—  
 Will he wait with us to philosophise,  
 Ere he has quenched the thirst of love which racks him ?  
 At all events Don Juan did no credit  
 To my morality—and now I've said it.

## XXI.

Women are such endearing, tempting creatures—  
 (I really am inclined to think that Eve  
 Brought about Adam's fall): when o'er the features  
 Of lovely woman tears their traces leave,  
 My heart sinks ;—reader, does it not unseat your's ?  
 Or can you, apathetic, see her grieve ?  
 The most unpleasant sight—except one dying—  
 Is to behold a lovely woman crying.



## XXII.

The time has been when angels have descended  
 To win a single glance of woman's eyes ;—  
 Nor turned the maidens from a sight so splendid,  
 But gave their love to those who left the skies ;  
 And from these high and earthly natures blended  
 In fond embrace, did mighty giants rise ;—  
 At least the Bible says so—and we're bound  
 To credit all that's in its pages found.

## XXIII.

We've often heard of a concatenation  
 Of adverse incidents ; but, surely, never  
 Of strange events did such a complication  
 Conspire to mar the happiness for ever  
 Of the poor Duchess, and fill with vexation  
 Juan, from whom she felt 'twas death to sever.—  
 But let us not anticipate the road  
 Which we must travel in our episode.

## XXIV.

The Lady Adeline Amundeville,  
 Perceiving that the Duchess felt for Juan  
 A something more than it was right to feel—  
 (This was her stated reason, but the true one  
 It scarce is necessary to reveal,  
 For such a sentiment is not a new one,  
 But prompts the most untainted of the sex,  
 And, this excepted, pure in all respects.)



## XXV.

Selfishness changes and deprives of light  
Those social combinations which we rear,  
And most admire as beautiful and bright,  
Or estimate as valuable and dear : —  
It is the black vein in the marble white,  
And ever will throughout the whole appear  
Beneath the chisel. Remedies are vain,—  
You must remodel everything again.

## XXVI.

Contentment is the sweetest charm of life,  
The quality that cheers us on our way  
In this world's pilgrimage ; and, 'midst the strife  
Of jarring interests, it makes us gay.  
It is the chief adornment of a wife,  
Sheds on the husband's soul a heavenly ray,  
Gives man the gentleness of woman dear,  
And raises woman to the angel near.

## XXVII.

It is a medicine that the passion calms,  
And mitigates the sting of dire disease ;  
It gives the humble cot a mansion's charms,  
And turns a state of poverty to ease ;  
It robs affliction of its worst alarms,  
And teaches the morose the way to please ;  
It makes the eye more bright, the heart more kind,  
Cools the hot blood, and cheers the troubled mind.

## XXVIII.

The Lady Adeline, we said, perceived  
The predilection of her wanton Grace,  
And hinted to Lord Henry how she grieved  
That the Duke of Fitz-Fulke ne'er showed his face  
At their abode. His lordship quite believed  
Adeline's only motive was to place  
Upon her list that great name as a guest—  
So he a similar desire exprest.

## XXIX.

Thus in th' affirmative Lord Henry met a  
Proposal suited to his inclination.  
The Duke accordingly received a letter  
Containing a most pressing invitation,  
Which he accepted, having nothing better  
To occupy him during the vacation :—  
So without having sent the Duchess warning,  
He reached Lord Henry's country-seat one morning.

## XXX.

Just at the moment that the Duke got down,  
Private despatches from the Minister  
Reached Lord Amundeville express from town,  
And caused a great sensation and a stir :  
Lord Henry was requested, by the Crown,  
To London to return without demur,  
As the Chief Secretary of the Home  
Department was just sinking in the tomb.

## XXXI.

“ Now,” thought Lord Henry, “ I shall have the power  
To aid young Juan’s mission : he shall go  
To London with me—we’ll start in an hour ;—  
I wonder why this morn he tarries so ?  
Surely he’s not afraid of a slight shower,  
That thus he keeps his room ?—but I will know  
The reason ;—he’s not wont to lie in bed—  
And these are news to rouse the sleepy-head !”

## XXXII.

Lord Henry turned, smiling at his conceit,  
Unto the Duke and said, “ No doubt your Grace  
Will feel some curiosity to meet  
That Russian envoy with the baby face :  
I think you met him once in Clarges Street,  
The day Lord Kunitstrong went out of place ?  
He’s quite the pet of every body here—  
An open-hearted youth—and quite sincere.”

## XXXIII.

His Grace, of course, “ was happy to renew  
Acquaintance with Lord Henrys *protégé*.”  
The noblemen together then paced through  
The numerous passages which led the way  
To Juan’s room ; and as they thither drew,  
Lord Henry still had something fresh to say  
In favour of Don Juan ;—“ he’d ne’er seen a  
Nicer youth than th’ envoy of the Czarina.

## XXXIV.

“ Juan, although a gay young man, no doubt,  
Was still well-principled, and would not show  
His waywardness, nor let it sport about,  
When in th’ abode of one who did bestow  
The rights of hospitality. Without  
Intending in the slightest way to throw  
A slur on Spaniards gen’rally, his guest  
Of all he’d ever known was far the best.

## XXXV.

“ ’Twas true, much had been whispered here and there  
About his gallantry ; but he’d insist,  
And safely on his honour could declare,  
The youth was steady as a methodist,  
Since he had been his guest. He was aware  
That at Saint Petersburg there did exist  
Certain suspicions of—” ; he said no more,  
Because they now had reached Don Juan’s door.

## XXXVI.

Lord Henry knocked—no answer. “ He’s asleep,  
The lazy fellow—but we will awake him ;  
We were not up so late that he should keep  
His bed ;—besides, it will be kind to break him  
Of any lazy habits which may creep  
Around him—for if once they overtake him,  
His hopes as a diplomatist are o’er.”—  
Thus having said, he opened straight the door.

## XXXVII.

Alas ! that love should make us blind, and drive  
All prudent thoughts from the imagination.  
Don Juan was the wildest youth alive,  
Despising everything like calculation ;—  
He never thought of closing up the hive  
Where so much honey was in expectation :  
Thus when the noblemen went to explore,  
They found that he'd forgot to lock the door.

## XXXVIII.

As if Galvani's battery had been planted  
Close by, they started with electric shock ;  
And then, as if by evil powers enchanted,  
They seemed transformed each to a marble block.  
Was that the moral youth his lordship vaunted ?  
Or had he really only meant to mock  
The poor Duke's feelings ? Really 'twas unpleasant,  
And might not end just where it was at present.

## XXXIX.

Sleep had stol'n o'er the eyes of those who lay  
So lovingly locked in each other's arms :  
The lamp was flickering—but the light of day  
Beamed through the curtain on those naked charms :—  
Smiles were on both their lips—thus infants play  
Above th' abyss, unconscious of alarms :—  
The Duke has since declared he then saw more  
Of his own wife than he'd e'er done before.

## XL.

I am not certain which it was that broke

The awkward silence—whether the first word  
Was by the Duke or by Lord Henry spoke,—

I cannot say, for I have never heard :

But this I know, that when Don Juan woke,

A heavy foot-step in the chamber stirred ;—  
He rubbed his eyes, exclaiming, “ What’s the matter ?  
And who the devil’s making all that clatter ?”

## XLI.

“ Clatter, indeed !” his Grace ejaculated :

“ Was it to see this sight that I was led ?”—

He scarce could speak, he was so agitated :

“ I certainly had heard such things, and read—”

Here he grew more and more exasperated ; —

“ I wish that I was single or was dead !

The jade—the wretch !—but I’ll take out a summons—

Upon my soul I will—from Doctors’ Commons !

## XLII.

“ Was it for this that I, who took such trouble

To make myself agreeable and to win her,

Gave her a settlement of just the double

Of what her friends required—the wicked sinner !

Was it for such an empty—airy bubble,

Without a heart, that I would ask to dinner

Five times a week those cursed foreigners,

Merely to gratify a whim of hers ?

## XLIII.

“ Was it for this I let her have her way,  
And gad about to every place of fashion ?  
Was it for this I never did gainsay  
Her phantasies, but ever let her dash on  
Her own career—and, when she lost at play,  
Gave her a cheque without being in a passion,—  
So that my very kindness was a handle,  
With all the world for the foul breath of scandal ?

## XLIV.

“ Was it for this that I excused her flirting  
With those moustachio’d apes—and that I spoke  
So civilly to them—for I felt certain  
That all was right ?—my heart is nearly broke !”—  
Here Juan very coolly closed the curtain,  
Because the Duchess at that moment woke ;  
Then in a hurried whisper told her Grace  
The misadventure which had taken place.

## XLV.

Upon her pouting lips of coral red  
His own did Juan for a moment press—  
(The curtain drawn)—then gently from the bed  
Stept, and composedly began to dress.  
The Duke, who now was silent, scratched his head,  
Uncertain what to do ;—her Grace, much less  
Prepared in any shape or way to act,  
In vain for an excuse her memory racked.



## XLVI.

Was there no method of extenuation ?

And had her ready wit not a profusion  
Of sophistries by way of explanation ?

Could she not prove an optical delusion  
To be the cause of the mystification ?

Or would her husband see through the illusion ?  
Inventive power forsook her, and her fears  
Burst forth in hot and agonising tears.

## XLVII.

Meantime Lord Henry, who had now regained

His wonted self-command, the Duke address :—

“ Your Grace will readily believe how pained

I am at this discovery ;—but the best  
Face on the whole affair should be maintained ;

For here is ample food to suit the zest  
Of ridicule ;—and it would *not* be pleasant  
For an *èclat* to take place here at present.

## XLVIII.

“ Senor, to you who thus have violated

All social ties, I might have much to say :  
Fool was I not to have anticipated

The scene which has revealed itself to-day !  
But only look how you are situated,

And tell me if this be not serious play ?  
Morality in you has a poor student ;—  
I hope in future you will be more prudent.”



## XLIX.

This, and a great deal more of such-like schooling  
How to hush up a *faux pas* in high life,  
Lord Henry did vouchsafe ;—and the Duke, cooling,  
Agreed to spare the honour of his wife ;  
But as he would not have Don Juan fooling  
Again that way, and thus renew a strife  
By which the morning's patch-work would be undone,  
'Twas settled he should leave forthwith for London.

## L.

The Duke was really a good easy man,  
And bore his horns with an exceeding grace :—  
Perhaps it is by far the better plan  
"To wear beneath that emblem a calm face.  
With satisfaction did Lord Henry scan  
This coolness after what had taken place ;  
And he resolved that Lady Adeline  
Should stay in ignorance of the whole scene.

## LI.

At breakfast, when the guests were all assembled,  
Juan announced that he should leave at noon ;—  
The Lady Adeline turned pale and trembled,  
And fidgitted about with her tea-spoon :  
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke full well dissembled  
Her grief at parting with the youth so soon ;  
And on Aurora Raby's cheek a flush  
Was seen—so slight, it scarcely was a blush.

## LII.

But still that tinge was for a moment there,  
Like a faint sun-beam on the spotless snow ;  
Don Juan thought she never seemed more fair,  
When animated with that transient glow.  
Her glances for an instant wandered where  
He sate ;—these were the only signs to show  
That his abrupt intention to depart  
Made an impression on her gentle heart.

## LIII.

There is a witchery in woman's eyes  
So tender and so fond—that if your heart  
Be steeled against the magic of her sighs,  
Yet to her glances must you yield a part.—  
Woman, with all her idle phantasies,  
With all her coyness, fickleness, and art,  
Is still the beam that breaks upon our night,  
And in our darkest hour makes misery light !

## LIV.

That witchery of the eyes Don Juan felt,  
When he beheld Aurora's glances fall  
On him—enough his very soul to melt,  
And every sense into Elysium call.  
He seemed as if he could have gladly knelt  
Before her—in the presence of them all—  
To thank her for that glance she cast on him ;  
But she had grown once more so cold and prim.

## LV.

Not so the Lady Adeline—a soft  
And languid melancholy feeling stole  
Over her ;—and upon her eye-lid oft  
Trembled the tears, defying her controul ;—  
And when she raised her beauteous eyes aloft,  
To mark the progress of the sun, her soul,  
As she observed the minutes onward creeping,  
Seemed ready to burst forth in frenzied weeping.

## LVI.

And then there was the Duchess, who appeared  
Voluptuously languid ; and she seemed  
To entertain some secret hope which cheered,  
As if of meeting him again she dreamed.  
Her glance (which showed her husband was not feared)  
From time to time upon our hero beamed ;  
While to his mind her ripe luxurious charms  
Recalled the bliss he'd tasted in her arms.

## LVII.

Juan was therefore much distressed to leave  
A mansion which could boast all these attractions :  
'Twas very natural for him to grieve—  
But all was useless after the transactions  
Of that eventful morning.—I believe  
That this was the most powerful of reactions  
His spirits, usually of buoyant tone,  
Had since his loves with Haidee, ever known.

## LVIII.

The moment of departure came. Aurora  
Met his adieux with proper courtesy,  
And maiden-like politeness—nothing more. A  
Close and acute observer might descry  
A veil of forced indifference floating o'er a  
Kind interest in our hero's destiny—  
And p'rhaps a sentiment more tender still :  
But she restrained them both by her firm will.

## LIX.

The trembling hand of Lady Adeline  
Lingered a moment in our hero's grasp,  
And half returned his pressure—but unseen  
Were their emotions and the lengthened clasp.  
Had they alone but for a moment been,  
Her faultless figure, modelled like the wasp,  
By Juan's glowing arm would have been prest,  
And her emotions poured into his breast.

## LX.

Passion had triumphed o'er her strength ;—in vain  
To her assistance had she called her pride ;  
Fruitless were her endeavours to regain  
Her self-command—when needed, 'twas denied.  
Her feelings—veiled from public gaze with pain—  
By him who caused them only were espied ;  
And their last glance, ere Juan took his leave,  
Gave promises which none else could perceive.

## LXI.

With warmth the Duchess prest our hero's hand,  
Although she knew her lord was close behind :  
That pressure made her lover understand

The future hopes she nourished in her mind.  
It seemed as if she had already planned  
Some scheme by which a meeting was designed ;  
And Juan, with a glance, appeared to say,  
“ We'll meet again at some no distant day.”

## LXII.

I've heard of “ two strings to a bow”—but “ three  
Mistresses to a heart” is something strange :  
I envy Juan not his Trinity,

Unless Saint Athanasius could arrange  
To form it in a Unity ;—if he  
(Divine things know not logic) makes the change,  
And will condense in one the separate charms,  
I ne'er will prove unfaithful to her arms !

## LXIII.

Aurora's innocence and eyes,—the mind,  
Hands, ankles, and the waist of Adeline,—  
With the full bust of her sweet Grace combined,  
Make the most perfect creature ever seen ;  
And if Saint Athanasius will but find  
Of female excellence this peerless Queen,  
We will acknowledge (with most other men)  
There is a Trinity—but not till then.

## LXIV.

The farewells were all said—th' adieux were paid—  
    (The principal ones are already stated) ;  
Trunks were disposed of—all arrangements made—  
    Regrets and promises were terminated :  
Juan, who would so willingly have stayed,  
    And th' embryo minister, with pride inflated,  
Entered the chaise—the valets got behind—  
And off the carriage started like the wind.

## LXV.

Lord Henry and our hero passed the time  
    Occupied by the journey, in discourse  
On general subjects :—the increase of crime,  
    And ignorance, of vice the fruitful source,—  
The variable nature of the clime,—  
    The state of England's naval power,—the force  
Of France's army,—and, of course, taxation,—  
These formed the staple of the conversation.

## LXVI.

His lordship was most affable—and not  
    A word was said upon the morning scene :  
Sooth, it appeared as if it were forgot,  
    Or in reality had never been.  
But Juan found that visions of the spot  
    Which they had left, would often intervene  
Amidst the thoughts that flitted through his brain ;  
And he would gladly have gone back again.

## LXVII.

Our travellers entered London at midnight—

Up Piccadilly quick the carriage flew :  
The windows of the mansions glowed with light,  
And the soft strains of music echoed through.  
Deep was the melancholy which in spite  
Of his attempts to smile, o'er Juan grew ;  
For that delicious music brought to mind  
The sweet society he'd left behind.

## LXVIII.

How lovely in the deep midnight to hear  
The distant sounds of music echoing,  
When zephyr wafts the numbers to the ear  
In sportive play upon his gentle wing !  
The scenes which to the bosom are most dear,  
Back to the memory does that music bring :  
To me it is a melancholy pleasure,  
When Love dictates and Beauty forms the measure !

## LXIX.

'Twas midnight ; and the beam of Cynthia shone  
In company with many a lovely star,  
Steeping in silver the huge Babylon,  
Whose countless habitations stretch afar,  
Plain, valley, hill, and river's bank upon,  
And in whose mighty heart all interests jar.—  
O sovereign city of a thousand towers,  
What vice is cradled in thy princely bowers !



## LXX.

If thou would'st view fair London town aright,  
Survey her from the bridge of Waterloo;  
And let the hour be at the morning's light,  
When the sun's earliest rays have struggled through  
The star-bespangled curtains of the night,  
And when Aurora's locks are moist with dew:  
Then take thy stand upon that bridge, and see  
London awake in all her majesty.

## LXXI.

Then do her greatest features seem to crowd  
Down to the river's brink ;—then does she raise  
From off her brow the everlasting cloud,  
(Thus with her veil the coquette archly plays,)  
And for a moment shows her features, proud  
To catch the Rembrandt-light of the sun's rays :—  
Then may the eye of the beholder dwell  
On steeple, column, dome, and pinnacle.

## LXXII.

Yes,—he may reckon temple, mart, and tower—  
The old historic sites—the halls of Kings—  
The seats of art—the fortalice of power—  
The ships that waft our commerce on their wings ;—  
All these commingle in that dawning hour,  
And each into one common focus brings  
Some separate moral of life's scenes so true,  
As all those objects form one point of view.



## LXXIII.

The ceaseless hum of the huge Babylon  
Has known no silence for a thousand years :  
Still does her tide of human life flow on,  
Still is she racked with tumults, hopes, and fears ;  
Still the sun sets, still morning dawns upon  
Hearts full of anguish, eye-balls dimmed with tears ;—  
Still do the millions toil to bless the few—  
And hideous Want stalks all her pathways through !

## LXXIV.

Still do those squalid forms of vice—and those  
Gay nameless votaries of pleasure throng  
The ways where wholesome life its presence shows,  
And all are mingled as they move along.  
Ah ! let the learned one explain, who knows,  
In what society's grand scheme is wrong—  
Why such a mass of beauty should be led  
To sell their charms to earn their daily bread !

## LXXV.

Peel, Graham, Stanley, Wellington, and Co.,  
To ye the Muse will now accord a stanza ;—  
But first she would be very glad to know  
Your views about the poor—for it unmans a  
Philanthropist to see them suffering so,  
And without benefit from all your plans. A  
More vile imposture than your Tariff never  
Deceived a realm ;—the humbug yet was clever.

## LXXVI.

'Twas clever, for it promised mighty things,  
And led to naught : the fly upon the wheel  
Chuckles because he fancies that he flings  
The dust around. How little must you feel,  
When lashed by the reproaches and the stings  
Of those who dare proclaim the public weal  
As paramount ! What do you think will be  
Your character in future history ?

## LXXVII.

Ye stubborn recusants of right—and, worse,  
Daring apologists for wrong—know ye  
How bitter 'tis to earn a nation's curse,  
That execration wrung from misery ?  
Go—learn it from the millions who rehearse  
The foul deeds which sum up your infamy :  
Go—read it on the tombs which mark the grave  
Of myriads whom you *could*, but *would* not save !

## LXXVIII.

That curse is stamped upon the haggard face  
Of starving multitudes throughout the land :—  
E'en in the countenance of babes you trace  
The mark, as though impressed with demon hand !  
Britannia's self is pale at the disgrace  
Which taints the annals of her native strand ;  
And History turns her mournful face aside,  
The gushing fountains of her grief to hide.

## LXXIX.

God ! do thy thunders sleep, while England moans  
Beneath this Nero-sway ? Shall mortal dare  
Thus to make men anticipate the groans,  
The pains, the agonies of hell ? or where  
Is vengeance to be looked-for ? Must the bones  
Of those who died of hunger, be laid bare,  
And brought as damning evidence to show  
Who were the authors of this fearful woe ?

## LXXX.

Oh ! that the great arch-orator,\* whose tongue  
Made Verres tremble, could return again,  
To vent on ye the indignation wrung  
From every honest heart ;—to taint—to stain—  
And to besmear your names, ere they be flung  
Forth on the moral dungheaps that remain  
Throughout all ages, to perpetuate  
Those dread examples which we execrate !

## LXXXI.

Like the avenging Arungzebe, who, hushed  
For seven long years with his own communings,  
Shook off that silent apathy, and rushed  
Lion-like from his cave to war with kings,—  
The public spirit, long by tyrants crushed,  
Will soon soar forth upon its ample wings,  
Prepared to slay, in retribution's hour,  
Those who abused their delegated power !

\* Cicero.

## LXXXII.

Graham and Stanley, turncoats from your faith—

Knatchbull, who bilk each turn-pike in your way \*—

Goulburn, on Peel dependent for the breath

Of Tory praise which gives you life to-day—

Peel, by expedients saved from public death †—

And, Wellington, the murderer of Ney—

How should you like to hear the dreaded call

Of "*A la lanterne*" echo down Whitehall ?

## LXXXIII.

A pretty sample, too, of aristocracy

We've lately had—enough to make us think

That it were better if of pure democracy

England were really standing on the brink :

Lust, persecution, swindling, fraud, hypocrisy,

And every crime from which the honest shrink,

Have celebrated on the rolls of sin

Huntingtower, Hertford, Paget, Frankfort, Thynne. ‡

\* During the elections in 1841, Sir Edward Knatchbull refused to pay turn-pike tolls on his way to the hustings. Actions were brought against him, which he of course lost ; and he then had impudence and obstinacy enough to appeal. The result was similar to the judgment originally pronounced. This is not the only instance of meanness and self-willed pertinacity on the part of this most arrogant but empty-headed baronet.

† To avoid any misapprehension relative to this line, the author wishes it to be particularly understood that he does not allude to "physical death," but to annihilation as a Minister.

‡ Lord Huntingtower's examinations at the Bankruptcy Court ; the disclosures made relative to the conduct of the Marquis of Hertford, upon the occasion of the trial of Suisse, his lordship's valet ; the connivance of Lord William Paget in the fellow Cassidy's abominable scheme with regard to the heiress Miss Bellew ; Lord Frankfort's affair with Alice Lowe ; and the two insolvencies for immense sums of Lord Edward Thynne, besides his amours with Madame Vestris, are here alluded to.

## LXXXIV.

*Attempt to  
imitate Byron*

✓ The world's made up of humbug. Every class  
Throughout society is built upon it :—  
The aristocracy would quickly pass  
To nothing, were it not supported on it.  
The Bishop, as he sips his joyous glass,  
Thinks of his mitre and the way he won it,  
And laughs in his lawn-sleeves at the facility  
With which he tickles John Bull's gullibility.

## LXXXV.

To arrogate all virtues not your own—  
T'affect a sanctity you cannot feel—  
To seem to raise your thoughts to heaven alone,  
And ostentatious give the poor a meal ;  
To speak in favour of the Church and Throne,  
And swear the clamorous poor deserve " cold steel,"—  
These are the means by which a man may raise  
Himself to fame and fortune now-a-days.

## LXXXVI.

O humbug—humbug ! thou hast built thy shrine,  
God knows, to some effect ;—the golden calf,  
Which Nabuchodonozor called divine,  
Was not so great as thou—no, not by half !  
Out of a hundred you have ninety-nine  
To worship you, and only one to laugh :—  
Kings, prelates, statesmen, peers, all bow the knee  
In humble veneration unto thee !

## LXXXVII.

Humbug has placed Victoria on the throne,  
 And keeps her there ;\*—humbug the Church sustains,  
 Though so intolerant and luxurious grown ;—  
 Humbug has given Sir Robert Peel the reins  
 Of power, and taught him to deride the moan  
 Of those who suffer cold and hunger's pains :—  
 Humbug has raised up authors, actors, artists,  
 And most especially befriends the Chartists.†

## LXXXVIII.

Oh ! glorious humbug, thou art universal !  
 Our ancestors adored thee long ago ;  
 And their oft-quoted " wisdom " bids us nurse all  
 The institutions which they vaunted so ;—  
 And should some wicked sceptic dare to curse all  
 The follies thou dost consecrate, I know  
 Th' attorney-gen'ral will bring him to reason  
 By means of an indictment for high treason.

\* No personal disrespect is here intended towards Victoria : the author is merely alluding to the office, and not to the individual ; and he is also anxious to express his unmitigated disgust at the laws which allow a female to reign over the country.

† The Chartists are the worst enemies in existence to the true cause of freedom. They would claim universal suffrage immediately, when the people are not pre-disposed by education to exercise the privilege with judgment. As it is, votes are unblushingly sold for money and beer : how much greater would be the amount of bribery, if the franchise were extended. Educate the people first—education is their right—their privilege ; and then give them universal suffrage, which will, in that case, become their right and privilege also. The Chartists, by their clamorous, intemperate, and absurd conduct, have done much to render the cause of freedom unpopular with men of even the most liberal minds. God protect this country when such insane men as the Chartists shall become actively interested in its legislation. A true republican spirit revolts from a mere factious display of prejudice, conceit, and wrong-headedness. Universal suffrage in the hands of the people, before they are educated, would be as dangerous as a razor in the possession of an infant.

## LXXXIX.

“*Nil nisi humbug*” is the wise man’s maxim—

Wise in a worldly point of view, I mean :  
With that he parries sense when it attacks him,  
(For common sense will sometimes intervene  
Importunately :)—humbug also backs him

When at a public meeting he is seen,  
And aids him in his trading speculations  
At home or with the continental nations.

## XC.

Humbug has made Prince Albert a Field Marshal,  
Although he never saw a battle’s smoke ;—  
But then the Queen’s to him exceeding partial,  
And says it was a very welcome stroke  
Of Fortune when she had him—and if war shall  
Again attempt to place a stranger’s yoke  
Around her subjects’ necks, old Wellington  
Will teach the foemen manners ere he’s done.

## XCI.

Dickens full well, too, knows what humbug means,  
Since he has built his fame upon that basis.  
By dint of sheer vulgarity, and scenes  
Picked from Saint Giles—with scarcely an oasis  
On which the eye may find some evergreens—  
Boz has contrived successfully to trace his  
Career unto the happy temple which  
Confers on him the honour of a niche.



## XCII.

Humbug has done all this—aye, and much more !

It is the general tutor of the age ;

It rules society from shore to shore—

Flows from the lip—is read in every page—

Like gingerbread has gilded titles o'er—

Directs the fool—and even prompts the sage : —

But now that Humbug's very self is sick

At all the flattery heaped on "little Vic."

## XCIII.

Our friends must know these truths. Diogenes

Laertius says—(but is it fair to quote

In our vernacular, th' unlearned to please,

The brightest maxim which he ever wrote ?

For though our language can express with ease

All slang that ever came from human throat,

'Tis not so rich in synonyms to tell

Those things which in the classics read so well :)—

## XCIV.

Diogenes Laertius says, "The root

Of learning's bitter, but the fruit is sweet :"—

It surely is not worth our while to moot

The question now, although our parents treat

The matter otherwise, and overshoot

The mark when they declare that school's the seat

Of perfect joy, and that our man's estate

To care and wretchedness is doomed by fate.



## XCV.

At all events, I hope the pill, prepared  
For those whom I have noticed, will produce  
A sweetness in the mouth of them that shared  
Its bitterness ere they perceived its use.  
If from all persecution I am spared,  
For having let my tongue a moment loose,  
I'll open business as a moral censor,  
And of a social purgative dispenser.

## XCVI.

But to resume. Arrived in town once more,  
Juan's first thought was of the orphan child,  
Leila, whom he from Ismael's pillage bore,  
And who on her young guardian sweetly smiled  
When thus they met again. Her features wore  
A shade of melancholy—but so mild  
And so resigned th' expression of her eyes,  
It kindled all his tenderest sympathies.

## XCVII.

The Lady Pinchbeck, with whom Leila dwelt,  
Was most indulgent to her charge, and kind ;—  
But there were times when the young orphan felt  
A weight of sorrow pressing on her mind ;  
For there were visions of the past to melt  
Her bosom, when the memory cast behind  
A glance at country—friends—and ruined home,  
And parents sleeping in an early tomb !

## XCVIII.

'Tis hard to bid adieu to those who gave  
Life, light, and all that infancy can prize ;  
To know that they have glided to the grave,  
And that the clouds of death enwrap their eyes.  
The child will weep e'en when it cannot save  
Some favourite bird ;—but when a parent dies,  
Whose love in future it may seek in vain,  
How deep its grief, how exquisite its pain !

## XCIX.

Amidst those Alpine forests, where the oak  
Is hard as marble, I have seen the tree  
Whose strength has turned aside the woodman's stroke,  
(Though dealt with all his right arm's energy,)  
And in whose trunk the iron hatchet broke,  
Leaving the monarch of the forest free  
To triumph in his conquest over man—  
(How seldom objects of mute nature can !)

## C.

Then o'er the iron axe the bark has grown ;  
And the tall tree, upshooting in its pride,  
Has flourished, while the rapid years have flown—  
But still the iron has remained inside !  
Thus, whether summer has with verdure strown  
The branches—or dread winter scattered wide  
The triple leaves,—that oak-tree ne'er can part  
From the cold steel embedded in its heart.

## CI.

Thus was it with the gentle Leila. She,  
Nourished in eastern luxury and sloth,  
Had known a mother's smile,—a father's knee  
Had she been fondled on,—well-loved by both !  
The iron of her orphan destiny  
Entered her soul—accompanied her growth—  
And, though no more unto the eye revealed,  
Yet not the less remained inside concealed.

## CII.

Oh ! it is not in festive halls alone  
That hearts are glad, and bliss is in the eye ;  
'Tis not where mirth assumes its loudest tone  
That bosoms ne'er are heard to heave a sigh !  
A heavy heart sits sometimes on a throne—  
The velvet curtain oft shrouds agony—  
And costly diamonds may sparkle o'er  
A breast with canker gnawing at the core !

## CIII.

The governess, whom Lady Pinchbeck's care  
Provided for the orphan's education,  
Was affable, and blest with a large share  
Of patience to support, with resignation,  
Those private griefs which are by no means rare  
Amongst young ladies in her situation :  
Thus Leila took example from a mind  
So calm, so meek, so docile and resigned.

## CIV.

Rose Delacour, the governess, had been a  
Traveller to Turkey on a three years' trip,  
During which time her father at Janëna  
Honourably filled the English consulship :—  
Miss Delacour, when young, had therefore seen a  
Little of Turkish life,—and from her lip  
The language flowed with ease ;—thus she could feel a  
Deep interest in the little orphan Leila.

## CV.

Rose was an orphan too—and had been thrown  
Upon the bounty of her friends ;—alas !  
The nature of that bounty those alone  
Can understand who have been doomed to pass  
Through the ordeal. Rose since then had grown  
Of melancholy mood—although her glass  
Reflected features so surpassing fair  
They might have banished from her heart each care.

## CVI.

O Melancholy ! thou that wastes the bloom  
On Beauty's cheek, and bids her lovely eye  
Lose all its lustre, and partake the gloom  
Which on Sahara's desert's wont to lie,—  
Thou usher to the portals of the tomb,  
Purveyor for the hungry cemet'ry,—  
Wilt thou not spare one rose in Beauty's wreath ?  
Must she too fade thine influence beneath ?

## CVII.

'Twas not the ray of love, serenely beaming,  
 Her dark blue eyes flashed forth,—nor yet the fire  
 Of proud ambition's hope,—much less the gleaming  
 Of vengeful fury, or the threat of ire :  
 Nor was it envy from those sweet orbs streaming ;—  
 Seldom they flashed—but when they did acquire  
 A more than usual brightness, 'twas the glow  
 Of Christian resignation conquering woe.

## CVIII.

She was a beauteous creature of nineteen,  
 With dark blue eyes—and sunny auburn hair,  
 That might have formed the envy of a queen ;  
 Roses and milk combined to make her fair :  
 Her countenance, like sunset, was serene—  
 For resignation traced that calmness there :  
 Her lips resembled coral, and beneath  
 Shone, white as orient pearls, the even teeth.

## CIX.

Her soul resembled an Æolian harp  
 That to the slightest breeze will oscillate :—  
 Oh ! 'twere a sin those heavenly chords to warp  
 With the hot breath of lust,—or seal the fate  
 Of the soft flower that well had known the sharp  
 Winds of this world—yet was so delicate !  
 A Rose in beauty as in name was she,  
 And doomed to share the roses's destiny ! \*

\* Elle etait de ce monde, ou les plus belles choses  
 Ont le pire destin ;  
 Et rose, elle a vecu ce qui vivent les roses—  
 L'espace d' un matin.

## CX.

Upon her lofty brow a pallor sate  
 Which seemed like the poetic diadem  
 That Genius gives her chosen few :—no state  
 Of regal grandeur, nor refulgent gem,  
 Nor all the splendours and the pomps that wait  
 On eastern kings, could more ennoble them  
 Than that inartificial dignity,  
 The badge of nature's aristocracy.

## CXI.

While I am writing this, I have in view  
 (Pardon the egotism) my own sweet wife :  
 This tribute of my gratitude is due  
 To her who seems the angel of my life—  
 The guiding star that leads me safely through  
 The eddies of this world's unceasing strife—  
 Hope's beacon, cheering ever from afar ;—  
 How beautiful art thou, my guiding star !

## CXII.

Our children have thy countenance, that beams  
 With love for him who tells thy virtues now ;—  
 Their eyes have caught the heavenly ray which gleams  
 From thine athwart the clouds that shade my brow,  
 Like sunshine on a night of hideous dreams ;—  
 The first to wean me from despair art thou ;  
For all th' endearing sentiments of life  
Are summed up in the words *Children and Wife*

## CXIII.

The mind, when in a desert state, renews  
Its strength, if by Hope's purest manna fed ;  
As drooping flowers revive beneath the dews  
Which April mornings bountifully shed.—  
Mahommed taught (let none the faith abuse)  
That echoes were the voices of the dead  
Repeating, in a far-off realm of bliss  
The words of those they loved and left in this.

## CXIV.

My well-beloved, should'st thou pass hence away  
Into another and a happier sphere,  
Ere death has also closed my little day,  
And morn may never wake on my career,—  
“I love thee !” are the words that I shall say  
From hour to hour, during my sojourn here,  
That thou in other realms may'st still be found  
Prepared to echo back the welcome sound.

## CXV.

But to return to Rose. She was so fair—  
So graceful—so retiring—and so sweet  
In temper, that when Juan saw her, there  
Arose strange feelings in his heart, which beat  
As it had never beat before—so rare  
Were the accomplishments which seemed to meet  
In Rose's mind and person, and which shone  
Forth not as a bright whole, but one by one.



## CXVI.

There is a beauty gorgeous, grand, and splendid,  
Bursting upon you like the noon-day sun,  
In which the awe of majesty is blended  
With light too dazzling to be gazed upon,—  
A beauty that should ne'er walk unattended  
By crowds of sycophants, and must be won  
By courtly mien, by wealth, by pomp, and power—  
The heart not forming portion of the dower.

## CXVII.

With the grand beauty now delineated,  
Well suited for an empress or a queen,  
The eyes and heart alike full soon are sated,  
Even if more than dazzled they have been.  
Luckless the man who happens to be mated  
With such an one—luckless his fate, I ween ;—  
Ne'er can he hope to find her fond and tender,  
Because she cannot put aside her splendour.

## CXVIII.

The *love* that such a haughty beauty knows  
As much deserves the name as the display  
Of sacerdotal pride and pomp, which glows  
In grand Cathedrals on the Sabbath-day,  
Merits the title of *religion*. Those  
Who really love, resemble those who pray  
In secret, far from splendour and from show—  
Love and True Piety no grandeur know !

## CXIX.

Nor suits that grandeur our new heroine :—

She was so far removed from vain parade,  
That her most strenuous efforts would have been  
To keep her fascinations in the shade,  
Had she known she possessed them. But her mien  
Repelled that adulation which is paid  
By vain frivolity as offering meet  
To lay at hollow-minded beauty's feet.

## CXX.

There is a beauty on the senses breaking,  
Like the soft lustre of the early dawn,  
To which the eye-sight, gradually awaking,  
Is turned to catch each new gleam of the morn ;  
And by degrees, the clouds of night forsaking  
The face of heaven, a bright day newly-born  
Steals on the sight, to ravish and to bless  
The senses with its tranquil loveliness.

## CXXI.

Such was Rose Delacour. Her charms, concealed  
Beneath the veil of her own modesty,  
By gradual glimpses only were revealed,  
With all their magic softness, to the eye.  
Don Juan's heart, by dissipation steeled  
Against mere beauty, felt the witchery  
Of that supernal loveliness which stole  
By gradient gleams upon his ravished soul.

## CXXII.

It was with difficulty Juan tore  
Himself away from the enchanted place  
Where dwelt the being who had touched him more  
Than any since he first saw Haidee's face.  
He felt that he could worship—nay, adore  
Th' angelic maid, endowed with every grace,  
And in whose person all attractions joined  
To constitute a perfect form and mind.

## CXXIII.

✓  
'Tis true, our hero's notions of morality  
Held female *virtue* to be but a name,  
And thought that *reputation* was the quality  
Including honour, duty, conscience, fame :—  
Thus, if a lady formed a partiality,  
And gave way to it *secretly*, no blame  
Accrued to her, in Juan's estimation,  
Because she still preserved her reputation.

## CXXIV.

The Spartans taught their sons to steal, and merely  
Chastised them when detected :—Juan's code  
(From which I beg to differ most sincerely)  
Judged female virtue after the same mode :  
Woman was virtuous till the world saw clearly  
That she had travelled out of the right road,  
And then —when reputation, virtue's cloak,  
Was gone—forth all her misdemeanours broke.

## CXXV.

This is the moral code of many men ;  
 And therefore Juan was not singular  
 In his ideas of womankind. But when,  
 From fashion's busy scenes and noise afar,  
 He gazed upon that lovely specimen  
 Of unassuming virtue—like a star  
 Unconscious of the light it sheds—there shone  
 A ray, till then unknown, his mind upon.

## CXXVI.

He, who once had believed that chastity  
 Was a mere matter of cold calculation,—  
 That woman ever yielded victory  
 To him who struck her fancy's inclination,—  
 And that her virtue was not stained till she  
 By want of prudence lost her reputation,—  
 He who believed all this—and more, indeed—  
 In Rose's favour soon abjured his creed.

## CXXVII.

The needle to the pole is ever true,—  
 True to the shepherd is the faithful dog,—  
 True to the Highlands is the bonnet blue,—  
 True to the city is November's fog,—  
 True to the churchyard is the graceful yew,—  
 True is the map which bears the name of Mogg,—  
 So *naturam expellas furca tamen*  
*Usque recurret*\*—to which I say "Amen !"

\* Horace.

## CXXVIII.

Yes—nature's true unto herself. The mind,  
By Fashion warped, by pleasure led astray,  
To uncouth thoughts and doctrines is inclined,  
And with all baseless sophisms loves to play ;—  
But Nature gives back sight unto the blind,  
Guides the lost footsteps to her own right way,  
And teaches men to recognise the truth  
So oft perverted or denied in youth.

## CXXIX.

O Man ! how fallible art thou ! Thy boasts  
Are physical resemblance to thy God,  
And a superiority o'er hosts  
Of living things which crouch beneath thy rod ;  
Thy vessels bear thy rule to distant coasts,  
The earth gives up her treasure at thy nod,—  
Thy wisdom makes e'en savage nature kind—  
And yet thou canst not rule thy wayward mind !

## CXXX.

Man is a mighty being when his pride,  
By fortune favoured and supremely blest,  
In all its boundless wants is gratified,  
And when his deadliest passions are at rest ;  
But mark him when his cravings are denied,  
When blighted Love or Sorrow is his guest,  
And Ruin o'er him waves its sable wing—  
Then where on earth exists a meaner thing ?

## CXXXI.

Juan became a frequent visitor

At Lady Pinchbeck's house ;—but he took care  
Not to betray his private motive,—nor

Pay marked attention unto Rose when there :  
His visits seemed intended only for

The little Leila ;—nor was Rose aware  
For many weeks that she could claim a part  
Of the kind sympathies of Juan's heart.

## CXXXII.

At length she read the truth. However pure,

However far from unchaste thoughts removed,  
However guileless—woman still is sure

To read that secret of the heart. He loved—  
He felt the pangs which true love must endure—

Affection's bashfulness and fears he proved ;  
Bold as he was, he lost all confidence  
When awed by that fair maiden's innocence.

## CXXXIII.

He loved not now as he had loved before,—

Respect with ardour and with hope combined  
And while he learnt her person to adore,

His bosom owned the influence of her mind.  
He harboured not an unchaste thought—nay, more

He often threw regretful looks behind  
Upon the past—especially when she  
Gazed on him for a moment timidly.

## CXXXIV.

Time stole away—week after week flew past,  
And more profound grew Juan's love. The maid  
Beheld th' enamoured glances which he cast  
Upon her furtively, and felt afraid—  
Till, almost in her own despite, at last  
Her glowing cheeks and faltering voice betrayed  
The feeling which, responsive to his own,  
And by it fed, within her breast had grown.

## CXXXV.

The summer's past—the trees have thrown aside  
Their verdant garb—the earth has lost its hue  
Of green—the river rushes with a tide  
Impetuous—the sky, no longer blue,  
Is veiled in murky clouds—the planets hide  
Their heads at night, or glance but dimly through  
The sable curtains which around them spread,—  
The busy hum of insect life is dead :

## CXXXVI.

The music of the grove is hushed—the rill  
Babbles no more, but hurries wildly on  
Unto the sea—the beetle's note is still,—  
Nature, in nudity, reclines upon  
The turfless grave of Winter,—and the hill  
No more rejoices in the morning sun,  
Nor, with an evergreen upon its slope,  
Of summer's advent gives symbolic hope.



## CXXXVII.

Oh ! did we listen to the morals given  
In all those signs,—did we collect with care  
The manna which may purge us of our leaven,—  
Then earth would be a proof-sheet of the fair  
And spotless volume of th' eternal heaven,—  
For every fault and every error there  
'Twere easy to amend ere it were shown  
Before the footstool of th' Almighty's throne !

## CXXXVIII.

But time, which covered Nature's brow with snows,  
And placed a spell upon the placid stream,  
Had worked no change in Juan nor in Rose  
Save to enhance the brightness of the beam  
Which love shed o'er their hearts. Oh ! he who knows  
How sweet is such a love in youth's day-dream,  
Can picture all the pleasure which Rose found  
In treading first on that enchanted ground.

## CXXXIX.

And there was in her love a sort of madness—  
A worship which she paid not unto heaven—  
A blending strange of extacy and sadness,—  
As if at times her heart with woe were riven ;  
While on her red lips played sweet smiles of gladness—  
A placid streamlet to a torrent driven  
By the accumulating rains and snows,—  
Such was the deep impassioned love of Rose !

## CXL.

A sorrow, full of sad presentiment—  
A joy, as gladsome as the bird of morn—  
A soul upon one object e'er intent—  
A confidence, of chaste devotion born—  
A bosom, knowing but one blandishment  
'Midst many ills—a rose upon its thorn—  
A sunny April morn, prepared to melt  
In showers,—all these made up the love she felt.

## CXLI.

Oh ! that the soul of woman should inurn,  
In its recess, flames which consume so fast !—  
As sun-flowers, in their mute devotion, turn  
Ever unto the orb whose rays at last  
Each fibre of the constant objects burn ;  
And as they follow on till all be past—  
So does the tender heart of woman cling  
To him whose hand inflicts the fatal sting.

## CXLII.

Mistrusting no temptation of the sense,  
Nor with a thought of fearing it, the love  
Of Rose was all romance and innocence,  
And such as artlessness alone could prove.  
She scarcely understood the source from whence  
Come those emotions which the heart-strings move  
To vibrate to a sigh—a word—a glance—  
As when the head is giddy in the dance.

## CXLIH.

The influence of a virtuous love like this  
Should purify the mind corrupt, and bring  
Mortality to comprehend a bliss  
Beyond the tainted soul's imagining.  
Never did wanton's most voluptuous kiss,  
Never did honied words which Syrens sing,  
Nor all the joys illicit pleasures prove,  
Possess such charms as a young virgin's love.

## CXLIV.

The Lady Pinchbeck, who was not so blind  
But she could see an inch before her nose,  
At last obtained a partial glimpse behind  
The scenes, and then began to question Rose.  
The artless girl laid bare her inmost mind,  
With that sweet confidence which candour knows :—  
The lady saw her history was the true one,  
And next began to catechise Don Juan.

## CXLV.

“ Senor, I am your friend, and have a real  
Interest in your welfare. Well 'tis known  
That youth is apt from friendship to conceal  
That secret which it should not fear to own.  
If 'tis a worthless passion you reveal,  
The steady hand of friendship may alone  
Stifle the flame :—but, save a foe, there's none  
Who'd try to quench an honourable one.

## CXLVI.

“Young men are wild and loose in their amours,  
Which merit not affection’s sacred name :—  
Scandal has published some details of your’s,  
And shown that they had little of the flame  
Which, even with possession, still endures,  
Knows not satiety, but gleams the same  
To-day as yesterday ;—this is love’s light,  
Not evanescent, but for ever bright !

## CXLVII.

“Were you caught by some superficial charm,  
A charm as fleeting as the sunny hour—  
I’d say, with fortitude your soul to arm,  
That beauty is a perishable flower ;—  
And I should even feel much less alarm,  
Were you enamoured of a costly dower.  
Still, loveliness and wealth may pass away,—  
What quality shall then check love’s decay ?

## CXLVIII.

“Mere beauty, as mere wealth, must be withstood !—  
But there is one whom I could paint to you—  
Perfection’s self—as fair as she is good—  
Full young in years, younger in feelings true !—  
A taste that can embellish solitude,  
And furnish out its own enjoyments too ;  
A self-poised mind that ne’er is fain to court  
The countenance of others for support ;

## CXLIX.

“ A soft voice, typical of gentleness  
Of spirit—and an intellectual brow,—  
These are the charms which all combine to bless  
The faultless creature I am painting now.  
Oh ! if enamoured of such loveliness  
Of mind and form as I describe, then thou  
Art most supremely happy—and I stand  
The first to take your fair bride by the hand !”

## CL.

Thus Lady Pinchbeck spoke ; and Juan stood  
Gazing upon her with respect and awe ;—  
And when her voice had ceased, his pensive mood  
Continued for a moment, till he saw  
She waited his reply : and as he could  
Not contradict the lady’s moral law,  
Even if he had wished, he acquiesced  
In all she said, “because ’twas for the best.”—

## CLI.

“ Lady, the portrait which you draw may seem  
From earthly things too far—to heaven too near ;  
Many would treat it as the poet’s dream,  
So faultless do its lineaments appear :  
On me the hues of all your colours beam  
In their reality ;—that portrait’s here !  
Here in this house—here, also, in my breast ;—  
Your ladyship can well divine the rest !”—

## CLII.

“ Senor, I thank you for this explanation.

Rose is an orphan, trusted to my care—  
In mind and manners fitted for the station

Of a king’s bride—but, as you’re well aware,  
Occupying a dependent situation,

Which, as the world of fashion would declare,  
Unfits her to aspire to be the wife  
Of one who moves in the first class of life.”—

## CLIII.

“ The shackles of society ne’er wore,”

Said Juan in a most determined tone,

“ To me so ludicrous a shape before,

Or one whose sway I were so loth to own.

I love the beauteous Rose—nay, I adore ;

On her my thoughts are fixed—on her alone :  
The world may laugh, and fashion may deride—  
In time they both will learn to court my bride !”—

## CLIV.

“ And Rose is worthy your resolve,” exclaimed

Her ladyship : “ proud were I could she be  
My child ! An Emperor need not be ashamed

To make her partner of his majesty.

No beauty in the lists of fashion famed,

No heiress of a noble pedigree,

Can boast of such endowments as the poor  
Neglected orphan girl—Rose Delacour !”

## CLV.

Juan and Lady Pinchbeck both were right  
The silken chains of fashion to condemn :  
For my part, half in scorn, and half in spite,  
I long ago have learnt to laugh at them.  
Fashion luxuriates in nectar bright,  
But in the bowl dissolves sweet Freedom's gem :—  
Most courteous reader, take my sage advice—  
Pay not for your ambrosia such a price.

## CLVI.

All bursts of generous feeling to subdue—  
Ever to play dissimulation's part—  
To flatter where contempt alone is due—  
To talk of friendship with a hollow heart—  
To pass off ancient compliments for new—  
To lie without a blush—to know the art  
Of keeping every feature in controul,  
So that no outward sign betray the soul ;—

## CLVII.

This is the duty of the world of fashion—  
A sphere made up of falsehood and deceit.  
Hypocrisy conceals each evil passion,  
Which therefore concentrates a greater heat  
Within ;—and as the boiling torrents dash on,  
When loosened from the reservoir where meet  
Those floods that from the snow-capped mounts have passed,—  
So do these passions burst their bonds at last.



## CLVIII.

And then adieu to husband—children—fame !

There's naught that the high-born adulterous wife  
Will not resign, to gratify the flame

That thus consumes the dearest ties of life.

Those details which enhance the wanton's shame,

Those incidents which aggravate the strife

Of her volcanic passions—all appear,

With bold and glaring hues, in fashion's sphere.

## CLIX.

And in that sphere—so narrow though it be,

And formed of such a highly-polished class—

There is much more of immorality

Than we can find throughout the mighty mass  
Forming that section of society

Which we mark as the middling grade.—Alas !

Those whom we're told to imitate, are they

Who seem the first to lead the rest astray !

## CLX.

Absurd is all the boast of pedigree !—

Of one licentious woman the disgrace  
May spoil a lengthened line of ancestry.—

The lord, who vaunts his far descended race,  
And studies how his genealogy

Through the long vista of past years to trace,  
Were he to know the truth, his sire might find  
In some tall footman, page, or menial hind.

## CLXI.

And yet the law of primogeniture  
Is thought most salutary—and, in spite  
Of the republicans, seems to endure.—  
’Twould be as well if those who have the right  
Of handing down their titles, could ensure  
The honour of their wives, because they might  
Confer a barony or earldom on  
Bill Tunks’, Joe Smith’s, or Harry Tomkins’ son.

## CLXII.

What is the world of fashion, then ?—I said  
Ere now, and I repeat—dissimulation  
Is its chief quality ! ’Tis the hot-bed  
Of every vice and all contamination :  
In vain the sweetest flowers may there be spread—  
Each virgin tint proclaims the devastation  
Of the unwholesome heat and air, which wither  
The purest blossoms that are taken thither.

## CLXIII.

There is no virtue in the highest sphere,  
Nor in the very lowest ;—for the first,  
Possessing riches, thinks no price too dear,  
So that it gratify its ardent thirst  
For pleasure ; while those long deep draughts appear  
To give new zest ;—and the last grade, accurst  
By Want and all his cavalcade of woe,  
Cannot afford compunction’s thoughts to know.

## CLXIV.

But if you look for virtue, seek it where  
The golden mean is found—the middle grade  
Of our society, with whom the care  
Exists of England's commerce and her trade !  
The daughters of this class are quite as fair  
As those who glitter in the Court-parade,  
And, in addition to their loveliness,  
The greater charm of chastity possess.

## CLXV.

You must not quote the parsons for morality ;  
For, though they are the springs of education,  
They are the patterns of conviviality,  
Prejudice, tyranny, intolerance ;  
Noted for their extreme illiberality  
Towards the poorer classes of the nation ;  
And from their pious families the street  
Is fed with half the prostitutes you meet.

## CLXVI.

Lawyers are a calumniated set,  
And, as a general rule, ill-treated :—very  
Nice men amongst them I myself have met,  
And chiefly my friend Rains, of Bucklersbury.—  
Of course, if people will get into debt,  
A prison may not turn out to be merry ;  
But they should not malign the lawyer's name—  
'Tis their extravagance which they must blame.

## CLXVII.

And yet some debtors make the Bench a palace  
By dint of racquets, porter, pipes, and brandy ;  
'Tis therefore hard to bear the lawyer malice  
Who sent them where such luxuries are handy.  
But debtors' favourite colony is Calais,  
Whither proceeds many a self-exiled dandy  
To vegetate at Dessin's or Meurice's,  
When cash is gone, and tick in London ceases.

## CLXVIII.

And, by the bye, when I reflect, Beau Brummell  
Has walked in Calais with his short surtout : \*  
Though he did Alvanley and others some ill,  
And in that money-business played the Jew,  
Yet would he strike the vulgar rabble dumb. †  
I could not speak of him, so well he knew  
The fashion for a cravat or a waistcoat,  
And never for a Sunday kept a best coat. ‡

\* Brummell first wore the frock-coat or short surtout, which is still in fashion.

† Brummell used to say nothing could be more vulgar than the idea of keeping a particular suit of clothes for Sunday, and that no gentleman ought to be better dressed on the Sabbath than on any other day. "On the contrary," would the Beau observe ; "if I *did* make any difference, I would actually dress worse on Sunday ; because all the snobs turn out in their best suits, redeemed over-night from pawn, upon that day." The author frequently met Brummell at Leleux's library in Calais, where the Beau occupied lodgings for a length of time.

## CLXIX.

God gave the first idea of clothes for men,  
And women too, as Genesis avows :  
He made them out of broad fig-leaves, and then  
Sewed them together cleverly with boughs.  
But Brummell was a better tailor, when  
He formed (as his biographer allows)  
The patterns of his waistcoats and his breeches,  
And even learnt to put in a few stitches.

## CLXX.

Leibnitz, Descartes, Copernicus, and Newton  
Were very clever, doubtless, in astronomy :  
But greater still was Brummell, with a suit on  
That showed a disregard for all economy ;  
Although, whene'er he put a coat or boot on,  
It might be with a lengthened physiognomy,  
To think how bills increase, and money lacks,  
And how the duns are ever at our backs.

## CLXXI

In Burke's " Reflections on the Revolution,"  
'Tis said that Marie was the morning star  
Of light and beauty to the Constitution :—  
If she could thus illuminate, how far  
More lustrous, Brummell ! to the English you shone,  
For while she was the spring of civil war,  
When the French nation fell into a passion,  
You were the modeller of every fashion !

## CLXXII.

But we were talking of that gorgeous sphere  
Known as the World of Fashion. Our respect  
In favour of the Past is gone ;—the clear  
Light of the present age shows the defect,  
The stains, the glaring errors which appear  
In ancient institutions. They were decked  
In hues of grandeur or solemnity  
Merely to overawe the vulgar eye.

## CLXXIII.

Youth's sixteen precious years have hitherto  
Been given to graceful classical pursuits—  
The study of the ancient genius through  
The mirror of its languages—the fruits  
Of which are very pleasant to the view,  
But useless as a food :—to learn the roots  
Of plants that yield no profit, now 'tis thought,  
Is wasting valuable time on naught.

## CLXXIV.

Yes—those unfading garlands, where combined  
The choicest flowers of ancient poesy,  
And which festooned around the modern mind,  
Wreathing their varied colours gracefully,  
Were fetters, flowery though they were, to bind  
The intellect which panted to be free ;—  
And strenuous efforts were required to call  
That intellect from such a brilliant thrall.

## CLXXV.

Thus that reverted and adoring look,  
Which lingered long upon the ancient lyre,  
At length a forward range of vision took ;—  
The mind was influenced with a new desire ;  
The contemplation of the present shook  
That faith which classic themes alone inspire,  
And, weaning man from reverence of the past,  
Upon the future made him gaze at last.

## CLXXVI.

Yes—heaven be thanked ! that weary retrospect  
Upon antiquity exists no more :  
The brow of youth is now no longer decked  
With those bright garlands which alone he wore ;—  
The Pœan of enfranchised intellect  
Succeeds the solemn strain of classic lore :  
The mind has ceased its vigils at the tomb,  
In superstitious awe, of Greece and Rome.

## CLXXVII.

O Christ ! it is a noble destiny,  
From the first glimmering of reason's dawn,  
To give the mind up, fetterless and free,  
To every branch of science newly born,  
Which o'er the surface of society  
Its bounties sheds, to aid and to adorn :—  
Give me that active and productive knowledge  
Which ne'er is learnt in the old classic college.



## CLXXVIII.

How noble 'tis to be no longer pent

Within a narrow space, around whose wall  
The eye marks naught but antique ornament,

And where the voice no echo can recall  
Save of the past ;—how glorious to present

The key of Nature's oracles to all  
The human race, so that th' enquiring youth  
May study for himself her book of truth !

## CLXXIX.

All ancient institutions totter. We

Have heard it said that Priests are on the wane ;  
And next the onward march of Liberty

Threatens with ruin all the Kings that reign ; —  
And in the self-same pathway one may see

The World of Fashion travel with its train  
Of Lords and Ladies—for the aristocracy  
Will shortly be absorbed in the democracy.

## CLXXX.

Oh ! for the power of Mirabeau, to ring

A death-knell to th' abuses of the state !

Oh ! for the voice of Berenger, to sing,

And lash in verse, the follies of the great !

Then all the fury of my wrath I'd bring,

All my indignant feelings concentrate,  
To make the people's grievances my own,  
And drag forth tardy justice from the throne !

## CLXXXI.

De Berenger, to Freedom sacred name !

Upon thy brows a double crown is placed ;  
Laurels and Roses, entertwined, proclaim

Your nation's glory and your Lisette's taste.  
Oh ! thou in many ways hast courted fame—

Love, Wine, and Liberty thy verses graced :  
At once Anacreon and Tyrtæus,\* thou  
May'st wear that two-fold chaplet on thy brow.

## CLXXXII.

Indignant at the fate of Waterloo,

Glowing with anger, hast thou poured thy spite  
Upon the Bourbon—for his planet grew

In the ascendant, when that murky night  
Concealed the sun e'en from the eagle's view,

And veiled that star—once so supremely bright :—  
France all her old enthusiasm renews  
In the outpourings of thy lyric muse.

\* The Muse of the inimitable Thomas Moore (one of the greatest poets of modern times,) has rendered the songs of Anacreon familiar to all who can read the English language. Tyrtæus wrote elegies, which ought rather to be denominated martial songs, and which were so popular that they were sung in the Spartan camps two hundred years after the time of the poet, no more appropriate war-hymns having succeeded them.

## CLXXXIII.

To break men's chains of iron, and to bind  
Their limbs with wreaths of flowers—to talk of glory  
And pleasure in the self-same song—to find  
Smiles for a toast, tears for Napoleon's story--  
To fascinate and charm the youthful mind—  
To warm the bosom of the old man hoary—  
To tell love-tales, and traverse battles o'er—  
This was thy task, which thou hast done—and more !

## CLXXXIV.

Gunpowder and champagne—warfare and love—  
Napoleon and Lisette—banners and flowers—  
The eagle's force, the softness of the dove—  
The humble cottage, and the palace-towers—  
The smoke of hell, the light of heaven above—  
Scenes in the darksome prison, festive hours—  
These are the subjects that thy verse engage,  
To suit each taste, each passion, and each age !

## CLXXXV.

Now to resume our tale. The muse goes back  
To Lord Henry Amundeville, whom she  
Left entering on the ministerial track :—  
But I shall not dissect his policy,  
Nor join the Opposition in attack ;—  
God knows the Cabinet ne'er seemed to me  
A Paradise, with all its rank and power ;—  
Kind reader, do not think the grapes are sour.

## CLXXXVI.

Lord Henry entered on his duties straight,  
And signed the warrant for the execution  
Of half-a-dozen thieves at Tyburn gate ;—  
'Twas necessary to show resolution  
In times when anarchy disturbed the state :  
The gibbet is a useful institution,  
Without which kings could not retain their power,  
Or keep their heads on, for a single hour.

## CLXXXVII.

Lord Henry next despatched to some large place  
A thousand bayonets, to keep in awe,  
And, if required, to kill the populace,  
“ Who, totally regardless of the law  
Made and provided also in that case,  
Dared to claim victuals for their famished maw,  
Against the peace of sovereign-lord the King ;”—  
Truly it was a most seditious thing !

## CLXXXVIII.

The third step which Lord Henry took, was quite  
Consistent with the place of Minister—  
I mean to all his relatives to write,  
And upon each some sinecure confer ;  
So that in little more than a fortnight  
This happy nation saw, without demur,  
A hundred thousand pounds a-year made over  
To place some old incapables in clover.

## CLXXXIX.

His brother, who was dean, he made a bishop—

His uncle, who was major, raised to colonel ;  
And such a lot of cousins did he fish up

To place in situations, that the journal  
Opposed to Ministers, began to dish up

A series of abuse which seemed eternal,  
And which indeed came only to an end  
When he had no more cousins to befriend.

## CXC.

The Lady Adeline, in a few days,

Returned to town her husband's state to share ;  
But there was something vacant in her gaze,  
And pensive in her manners and her air.

'Tis true, she mingled still in fashion's maze,

But her imagination was not there: —  
And vainly were her hopes renewed each day—  
Juan came not ! why kept he thus away ?

## CXCI.

Had he and the new Minister fall'n out ?—

Adeline thought that this must be the case ;  
And then she wondered what it was about,  
And sought in vain the mystery to trace.

At times she sighed, and seemed inclined to pout,

And gloom would settle on her pretty face,  
Because she dared not ask her husband whether  
Juan and he were still good friends together.

## CXCII.

Months glided on—the winter came, and yet  
She saw naught of him ! Not once in the gay  
And busy scenes of fashion had they met :  
And still she asked herself, from day to day,  
Was he deserving of the keen regret  
She lavished on the truant, while away ?  
Vainly did she attempt to triumph o'er  
Her inclination—it increased the more !

## CXCIII.

The Duke and Duchess of Fitz-Fulk had gone  
To pass the winter season at Milan :  
This little trip his Grace resolved upon,  
Although the Duchess cavilled at the plan ;  
But he in the unwonted light then shone  
Of a determined and unyielding man.  
The reason that he gave was “ health ”—the true one  
Was to remove the Duchess far from Juan.

## CXCIV.

Aurora Raby still remained the guest  
Of Lady Adeline ;—but ne'er her eye  
Nor air regretful sorrowing exprest,  
Whatever were her feelings inwardly.  
If Juan's image occupied her breast,  
'Twas not revealed by outward sign nor sigh ;—  
But p'r'aps her liking for the “ naughty man ”  
Had ended as it should—where it began !

## CXC.V.

Rousseau says mental love cannot subsist,  
Unless shared by its object tenderly ;  
And that the hopeless passions, which exist  
For years and cause such lasting misery  
To those who in their fruitless aims persist,  
Have their roots fixed in sensuality.—  
This may, or may not be—one thing I know,  
That with Aurora 'twould not have been so.

## CXC.VI.

Had she loved Juan, 'spite of his neglect—  
Had she persisted in her love—had she  
Imagination with the fond hopes decked  
Which love inspires in the young memory—  
Had she loved on until those hopes were wrecked  
On disappointment's rock,—it could not be  
That such a love owed its omnipotence,  
Not to the mind, but merely to the sense !

## CXC.VII.

No—she was pure, and cold, and chaste, as ever  
Was snow unwreathed from the untrodden height  
Of Alpine mount, and borne unto the river,  
With which it mingled ;—pure as that soft light  
Which on the water's surface seems to quiver,  
Amid the splendours of a northern night :—  
She knew as much of sensual love as one  
Born blind can know of the refulgent sun.



## CXCVIII.

Whether she did love Juan, or did not,

I cannot tell—at least on this occasion :

But still the reader must not have forgot

That blush which seemed a part of Love's persuasion  
Acting upon her gentle nature.—Blot

This poem from the language, if evasion

Or blinking of the truth the eye detects

Amongst its numerous and known defects.

## CXCIX.

Such was the situation of affairs

At the commencement of the New Year. Then  
Lord Henry had his parliament'ry cares,

And seemed the busiest of public men.—

Poor Adeline was taken unawares

One morning at the breakfast-table, when  
The following announcement in the *Post*  
Came on her startled vision like a ghost :—

## CC.

“ *Marriages in High Life.*—We beg to state.

With a delight the most unfeigned and real,  
That the illustrious Duke of Aldersgate

Will shortly lead unto the hymeneal  
Altar th' accomplished daughter of the late

Regretted keeper of the Privy Seal ;—  
Also that Lord Fitz-Gubbins will forthwith  
Enter the marriage state with Lady Smith.

## CCI.

“ Rumours, moreover, we may add, are rife,  
    (The pen of Fame 's not always dipped in guile)  
That an illustrious foreigner, whose life  
    Has been blest by the great Czarina's smile,  
Will shortly take unto himself a wife  
    From the sweet daughters of this favoured isle :  
The bridal (we with certainty can speak)  
Is to take place quite privately next week.”

END OF CANTO THE FIRST.

## CANTO II.

## I.

O Reason ! or O Instinct ! guide my pen  
With force replenished, for a little space !  
I am not one of those disdainful men  
Who a broad line of demarcation trace  
Between *Instinct* and *Reason* ;—therefore, when  
The lights of intellect that line efface,  
I shall be first to hail the fall'n condition  
Of metaphysics' ancient superstition.

## II.

The pride and vain conceit which drew that line  
Exalting man over the brute creation  
Immeasurably, supposed it very fine  
To raise humanity to such a station :  
But Nature, to make man thus singly shine,  
Must suddenly have leapt from that gradation,  
Or gradual series of ascents, which we  
Throughout her works invariably see.

## III.

Absurd ! Will Nature travel from her rules  
To suit the little pride of wretched man ?—  
'Th' abominable prejudice of fools  
Would make her faithless to that gradient plan  
Which is her vital principle. The schools  
May prop up ancient dogmas if they can,  
But I for one will not allow sound sense  
To yield to human pride and insolence.

## IV.

Of life the lowest forms and most minute  
Are gradually varied, till they rise  
Unto the highest. Nature's bounties suit  
Each race progressive : she diversifies  
The organs which endow the worm—the brute ,  
And from the zoophyte she amplifies,  
Through every stage, those organs, till at length  
She perfects man in beauty, sense, and strength.

## V.

Hence I am at a loss to comprehend,—  
And ne'er shall know unless I have the cap  
Of knowledge my poor reason to befriend,—  
How Nature takes a leap, and leaves a gap;  
With brutes at one, and men at t'other end ;  
Or why abruptly she the chain should snap  
Till then so regular in its gradation,  
That man should stand alone in the creation.

## VI.

Contemplate animal existence—scan  
 Its regular ascending series—see  
 Those functions, faithful unto Nature's plan,  
 Developing themselves progressively,  
 And called Instinct in brutes, Reason in man ;\*  
 Then careful watch those functions till they be  
 Expanded fully in their strength and grace,  
 Of animals t' endow the highest race.

## VII.

That highest race is Man !—And now the mist  
 Of metaphysical delusion 's gone !  
 Vainly may the insane religionist  
 Declare that instinct in the brute is one  
 Product of *matter*—while he will insist  
 That reason takes its rise from *soul* alone :—  
 If man possess a soul, the brute must be  
 Partaker of his immortality !

## VIII.

How pitiful is human pride ! Thank God,  
 I am as meek and lowly as the ass  
 Which carried Jesus : not beneath my rod,  
 Were I a king, should millions as they pass  
 Doff cap, or courtiers tremble at my nod,  
 As if the flesh of monarchs were not grass  
 And liable, amidst the scenes most blythe,  
 To be mowed down by Death's unsparing scythe.

\* Il y a quelque difference ; il y a des ordres et des degres ; mais c'est sous le visage d'une meme nature. — *Montaigne*.

## IX.

Man has a very great antipathy  
To being deemed the next link in creation  
Unto the monkey-tribe ;—and yet we see  
The fact borne out beyond all refutation.  
Thus the superior intellect, which we  
Possess, springs from a higher sublimation  
Of matter.—But you're doubtless wearied out,  
Kind reader, by the things I prate about.

## X.

I only wish that I could call to aid  
The Genius of Ubiquity, to lend  
Her plumage, for I should not feel afraid  
To traverse all the earth, from end to end,  
And teach the doctrines I have here displayed,  
Certain that he alone can be the friend  
Of weak humanity, who dares confess  
The truth which millions labour to suppress.

## XI.

Crotona's sage, 'tis said, was once espied  
In two towns at the self-same moment ;—yet  
Balloons had not been at that period tried,  
Nor on their voyages aërial set.  
But now ubiquity is not denied,  
And in twelve hours a person may be met  
In London and in Weilburg, by his friends :—  
Thus have balloons together brought earth's ends.

## XII.

Oh ! 'twas a mad and yet most gallant thing  
To dare that journey in a pendant boat,  
Between the world and heaven hovering,—  
In the impalpable expanse to float—  
Cleaving their way upon Dædalian wing,  
The wonderful effects of earth to note,  
By its own artificial lustre, through  
The darkness which almost obscured the view.\*

## XIII.

And now there is a new aërial carriage  
For which a patent 's taken out—a thing  
Which I'm by no means anxious to disparage,  
Because within an easy ride 'twill bring  
Places where men can seek a lucky marriage,  
Such as New York, Calcutta, or Peking—  
A last resource when every hope is undone  
Of hooking wealthy dowagers in London.

## XIV.

But to resume.—An ashy pallor spread  
Upon the face of Lady Adeline ;  
And then the blood, burning like molten lead,  
Came rushing to the cheek whence it had been  
Rolled backward to the heart when she first read  
That paragraph which might have raised the spleen  
Of one far less susceptible than she  
At what was deemed an infidelity.

\* Messieurs Green and Monk Mason performed the aerial voyage here alluded to.



## XV.

✓ Love is the money of the heart, which hoards  
Its treasure as the anxious miser clings  
Unto his gold ; for ne'er that heart affords  
One jot to sooth a rival's sorrowings.—  
O love, to thee then never truth accords  
Religion's sacred name ;—those holy things,  
Laws, revelations, prophecies divine,  
And hope of bliss eternal, are not thine !

## XVI.

And thou hast not grown in the human heart,  
From an uncultured to a polished state,  
Progressively with science and with art,—  
But thou art ever blindly ruled by fate ;  
And we have not a virtue on our part  
Upon whose succour we may calculate  
To wrestle with thy tempests and to flee  
From all the perils of thy stormy sea.

## XVII.

O Love ! from heaven we may never hope  
For aid to purify thee in our breast—  
To raise thee far above our narrow scope  
And savage instinct, that thou may'st be blest  
With power 'gainst thine own violence to cope,  
And lull thy passion turbulent to rest.—  
Has man no virtue to ennoble thee  
Above the dross of weak humanity ?

## XVIII.

Art thou eternally succumbing—doomed

By the fierce flames that thou thyself excitest  
In every human breast, to be consumed ?

And must the perfumed lamp, by which thou lightest  
The world, be in our hollow hearts entombed,

Where damps unwholesome quench rays once the brightest ?  
Oh ! human pride and selfishness are sure  
To turn to poison heaven's balm most pure !

## XIX.

To feign a sudden illness and retire

Unto her chamber, was the first resource  
Of Lady Adeline. What thoughts inspire

A disappointed woman, in the course  
Of her conflicting passions ! Love, hope, ire,  
Affected recklessness, and then the force  
Of ardent love returning, all combined,  
Chaotic and conflicting, in her mind.

## XX.

But still she entertained a proper pride—

Nor to th' extravagances of the sex  
Gave herself up. No dreams of suicide,

No plans of petty vengeance to perplex  
Her rival—not a wayward thought beside

Her own ill-fated passion and the wrecks  
Of hopes she'd dared to cling to, could impart  
An evil influence to her noble heart.

## XXI.

“ With what idea of justice can I blame  
The conduct that bestows a heart to which  
I dare assert, and ought to have, no claim ?—  
Although to him my inmost soul be rich  
In love, yet his is poor to me :—the same  
Feeling that placed his image in the niche  
Of my heart’s fane, and taught me how to kneel  
In worship to it, he can never feel !

## XXII.

“ Ah ! love begets not love ! Yet once I thought  
That his eyes beamed benignantly on mine :  
O fatal hope—by present suffering bought ;—  
The stars which light us do not only shine  
On those who most admire them ! I have sought  
For bliss beneath their influence divine ;  
And now, unseen by me, they shine more clear  
And bright upon another hemisphere.

## XXIII.

“ But I will see him once again. ’Tis all  
I ask—I wish for ;—then I shall grow calm ;  
Surely the favour I implore is small,  
And one in which he cannot fancy harm !  
Although the meeting to my mind may call  
So many pleasing dreams, ’twill prove a balm  
To soothe my soul when on the past I dwell—  
For in his ears I shall have said ‘ Farewell ! ’”

## XXIV.

Within herself thus communed Adeline.—

O Woman, art thou not the very devil?  
As Edward Stirling says in some fine scene  
At the Adelphi ('tis not over civil!).\*  
Could not the amorous lady have forseen  
How such a meeting might lead on to evil?  
Or did she really seek the interview  
Merely to murmur forth a cold “Adieu?”

## XXV.

Oh! for a clear transparent diving-bell,  
Wherein to sink into a woman's soul,  
To fathom that incomprehensible  
Abyss in which the troubled waters roll  
That agitate the surface with their swell;  
And mark the secret sources which controul  
Those cataracts of passion that, with rush  
O'erwhelming, from the eyes and bosom gush!

## XXVI.

But, Ah! amidst that whirlpool of the mind,  
Beneath the eddying billows buried deep,  
Some pearl of unknown worth should we not find—  
Some feeling for a period lulled asleep,  
Till gloom upon man's brow evoke that kind  
Endearing sentiment?—then she will weep,  
Or smile, keep painful watch, console, or pray,  
And dare all ills to wipe his grief away!

\* Mr. Edward Stirling is the author of a piece called “Woman the Devil.”

## XXVII.

Oh ! as the tender and refreshing vine  
Faithful unto the dying oak will cling ;  
So round the neck of him thou lov'st, 'tis thine,  
Dear woman, by his fevered couch, to fling  
Thy snowy arms ! Offspring of grace divine,  
When Death draws near with huge and bat-like wing,  
Thou canst enable man to meet his doom  
Resignedly, and smile above the tomb !

## XXVIII.

As soon as Lady Adeline confest  
Her secret wish unto herself, upon  
A sheet of gilt edged paper 'twas exprest ;—  
And after much reflection *pro* and *con*,  
Which phraseology appeared the best,  
Or which words she should lay the most stress on ;  
And having some ten times, moreover, mended  
Her pen, the disagreeable task was ended.

## XXIX.

I should observe here, with Sir Walter Scott,  
(See " Old Mortality") that woman ever  
In her epistles seems to have forgot  
Her object, or at least records it never  
Until she comes unto the postscript ;—not  
That I the chord of such finesse would sever,  
For the important motive 's cherished better  
When forming the last sentence in the letter.

## XXX.

The missive was despatched—the answer came :—

With palpitating bosom, and with eye  
Expressing deep suspense, the amorous dame

Hastened to learn her fate in that reply.

“ He comes ! ”—the thought increased her guilty flame,

Her breast gave vent to an exstatic sigh ;  
And the soft murmur of her lips apart  
Betrayed the tender hopes that filled her heart.

## XXXI.

’Twas evening. In her boudoir Adeline

Lay on a sofa, languidly reclining :

Throughout the chamber silence reigned serene ;

The atmosphere was perfumed ; softly shining,

A single lamp was on the mantle seen ;—

The odours, with the mellow light combining,  
Upon her mind stole with a charm intense  
As sacred harmony and frankincense.

## XXXII.

The fire burned brightly in the grate ; the air

Was of a summer temperature ;—’twould seem  
As if that boudoir could not harbour care—

As if the eye of bliss alone could beam  
On all the luxury that centred there.—

Rocked in a waking but voluptuous dream,  
But still with partial terrors in her mind,  
Upon the sofa Adeline reclined.

## XXXIII.

She had a very confidential “maid :”—

(The term is always used, though sometimes as  
*Lucus a non lucendo*, I’m afraid ;

For every *cameriste* and *soubrette* has  
Her little intrigues :) but no harm was said

Of Henrietta—and her lady was  
So pleased with her since she’d been in the place,  
She told her secret in the present case.

## XXXIV.

Miss Henrietta therefore was alert

To watch for Juan’s coming. She was one  
With whom a gentleman might stop to flirt,  
For there were uglier girls beneath the sun.  
Black eyed and cherry-lipp’d, plump, pretty, pert,

From many an amorous visitor she’d won  
The flattering compliment a kiss conveyed ;  
And all thought, “What a charming Lady’s-maid !”

## XXXV.

The cunning of the mistress’ soul, we find,  
Is ever in the confidant’s reflected.

The *espègle* Henrietta’s mind

So prudently her lady’s schemes directed,  
And all precautions had so well combined,

That Juan made his entry unsuspected :  
The sweet mysterious sanctuary was gained—  
And he alone with Adeline remained.



## XXXVI.

It is impossible for me to tell

At length all that ensued on this occasion :  
Haply the reader understands full well

How lovely woman's tears have a persuasion  
To generous spirits irresistible ;—

So Juan by denial and evasion  
About his marriage eased her troubled mind ;—  
Where was the use to utter truths unkind ?

## XXXVII.

Gently did she reproach him for his long,

Long absence from the house—and he again  
Invented an excuse ('twas very wrong,

And yet what could he do ?) to sooth her pain.  
Alas ! I am afraid the Siren's song

Prevailed at length—that he essayed in vain  
His courage 'gainst her witchery to oppose,  
And keep his vow of constancy to Rose.

## XXXVIII.

O Woman ! said I not you were the devil ?—

The fascinating powers of Adeline  
Might have seduced Saint Anthony to evil !

Her tender glances shed a light serene  
And soft upon enjoyment's fiery revel :

No thought of Rose—poor Rose ! might intervene ;  
In Juan's heart her image left its place  
While he was clasped in Adeline's embrace.

## XXXIX.

The clock struck midnight. With a sudden start  
The love-sick lady tore herself away  
From him on whom she had conferred her heart ;—  
Not that she wearied of the amorous play,  
But that 'twas time for Juan to depart,  
Lord Henry having ne'er been known to stay  
Longer than half-past twelve when he went out  
To dinner-party, concert, ball, or rout.

## XL.

On this occasion he had gone to dine  
With Lord Fitz-Noodleton, who scarcely knew  
B from a bull's foot :—still he loved his wine  
As well as any, and could drink it too.  
Though no devoted patron of the vine,  
Lord Henry liked his glass, as most men do ;  
And when he dined with Lord Fitz-Noodleton,  
He helped to crack the bottle ere he'd done.

## XLI.

All this the Lady Adeline knew well,  
And until midnight felt herself secure :—  
Against her lord how did her thoughts rebel,  
Because her guilty bliss could not endure !  
Deep sighs escaped her breast—the big tears fell—  
Proofs of a passion more sincere than pure :  
But Juan's protestations soothed her heart,  
And calmed her when the moment came to part.

## XLII.

He vowed that he would love her evermore—

That she alone should in his mind hold place ;  
And now th' exchange of promises was o'er—

They had indulged in one last fond embrace :  
Juan, afraid to linger, sought the door ;

Heavens ! in the narrow passage, face to face,  
He met the injured husband of the dame  
From the enjoyments of whose arms he came !

## XLIII.

It is a very awkward thing to meet

A lion in a wild—a shark at sea—  
A mad-bull or a bailiff in the street—

An anaconda in an Indian tree :  
None of these things can be esteemed a treat ;

But p'r'aps the reader will admit with me  
That each or all are preferable before  
An outraged husband in a corridor.

## XLIV.

As sudden squalls sweep o'er the placid main,

As torrents through the fertile valley gush,  
So did the truth unto Lord Henry's brain,  
Scattering all former bright impressions, rush.

Juan, impatient a retreat to gain,

Passed by his lordship with a sudden push,  
Knocked down a bronze Lord Chatham\* that stood there,  
And safely made his way unto the stair.

\* The reader will have the kindness to recollect that these incidents occurred in or about the year 1791, the siege of Ismael having taken place in 1790, after which event Don Juan resided a few months at the Russian court previous to his journey to England. See Byron's "Don Juan."

## XLV.

He traversed several passages—he went  
Backwards and forwards, but in vain essayed  
To find the means of exit :—thus he spent  
Ten minutes in the fruitless search he made.  
At last the sounds of distant footsteps lent  
Wings to his feet ;—he knew not where he strayed,  
But anxious that the husband should not find him,  
Rushed in a room, and locked the door behind him.

## XLVI.

The Gods are sometimes favourable to lovers,  
Although of their misfortunes they appear  
In general to be the grand prime-movers ;—  
And yet, upon reflection, I'm not clear  
That of ten cuckolds more than one discovers  
Horns to be his appropriate head-gear.—  
But be all this just as it may or might,  
Juan was in a devil of a fright.

## XLVII.

There was a rush-light in the room—and more,  
There was a bed—and from the bed arose  
A voice of terror when the chamber-door  
Was shut so suddenly,—and the bed-clothes  
Were drawn in agony of terror o'er  
The eyes which in the bed had sought repose :  
But Juan now no longer was afraid—  
The voice was that of the young lady's-maid !

## XLVIII.

He hastened to reveal himself—he told  
All that had just occurred—and Henrietta  
Listened attentively :—he grew more bold,  
And sate upon the bed, because 'twas better  
To chatter there than stand out in the cold ;—  
Then he declared that he had never met a  
More pleasant lady's-maid : thus having said,  
He threw himself at length upon the bed.

## XLIX.

The lady's-maid was very well inclined  
To screen her mistress' honour, and to save  
Juan ;—besides, it would have been unkind  
To turn him from her chamber forth to brave  
The anger of her noble master's mind ;—  
And as the poor youth only seemed to crave  
A moment's rest upon her couch, could she  
Demur, and thus increase his misery ?

## L.

We've said before, the lady's-maid was fair—  
With a full bosom, and a snow-white arm ;  
And by some accident both now were bare,  
Although the night was very far from warm.  
Juan observed the beauties that were there  
Negligently displayed, and to the charm  
Yielded—when, in that moment, at the door  
Arose a strange and terrible uproar.

## LI.

“ Open, I say ! ” — “ Who are you ? ” cried the maid. —  
“ Your master ! ” — “ But I am not drest, my lord. ” —  
“ Then dress ! I swear I will not be delayed ;  
Two minutes for that purpose I accord. ” —  
“ But what’s the matter ? I am so afraid,  
I don’t know what I do ? Was that your sword  
With which you knocked so hard against the panel ? ” —  
“ This is enough to render any man ill ! ” —

## LII.

“ Then pray explain yourself, my lord, and say  
Why it has pleased you, at the dead of night,  
To seek an honest girl’s room in this way,  
And almost kill her with the sudden fright ? ” —  
“ I beg you, Miss, no longer to delay ;  
I will investigate th’ affair outright,  
As you’re no doubt accomplice in the matter ! ” —  
“ ’Tis shameful to have kicked up such a clatter ! ”

## LIII.

The maid had parleyed thus some time to gain,  
So that Don Juan might deliberate,  
While she slipped on her clothes ; — but all was vain,  
And now his lordship would no longer wait.  
Juan had no alternative, ’twas plain,  
But to slip underneath the bed — a great  
Misfortune, for he found a sorry nose-bag,  
Though cold and hungry too, in a foul clothes-bag.

## LIV.

At length the door was opened : Henrietta  
Remained close by it, prudently to choose her  
Station far from the bed ;—his lordship let a  
Moment elapse, and then began t' abuse her.  
She cried, and wondered any one could set a  
Polite tongue thus unmannerly to use her ;  
But to his questions she'd no answer give  
Save an evasion or a negative.

## LV.

“ It matters little if you did or not  
Assist your lady in her intrigue,—you  
At all events may share her future lot ;—  
To lady's-maids such scenes are never new ;  
They thrive and fatten on them ; the foul blot  
On fair escutcheons is the medium through  
Which they amass their little hoards of pelf !—  
To leave the house forthwith prepare yourself.”

## LVI.

Scarcely these words were by his lordship said,  
When Juan had the mishap to turn o'er  
A vessel that was kept beneath the bed,  
And the contents streamed out upon the floor.  
The maid turned ashy pale—then crimson red—  
And disappeared next moment by the door :  
His lordship rushed unto the place, and found  
His hated rival crouching on the ground.



## LVII.

A scuffle next ensued ;—I cannot say  
Who had the best of it : all I can state  
Is that our hero got at length away,  
Deploring Adeline's unhappy fate—  
Uncertain whether to go home, or stay  
To save her from a wrathful husband's hate—  
And cursing those most inauspicious stars  
Which ever shone upon his amorous wars.

## LVIII.

Lord Henry, in the Duchess's affair,  
Had been the very first to recommend  
The Duke his feelings and his wife's to spare,  
Rather than suffer scandal's breath to send  
The matter forth, and buzz it everywhere :—  
*Then* he had spoken as a faithful friend ;  
But *now* he acted as a husband who  
Would see no loop-hole which he might creep through.

## LIX.

Stern in his duty when it bore relation  
Unto himself—implacably severe—  
Admitting nothing as a palliation—  
Unmoved by prayer—reckless of sigh and tear—  
Boldly did he proclaim the degradation  
Of her who once unto his soul was dear ;  
And from his house the fallen lady went  
To the maternal roof in banishment.

## LX.

Her's was a noble heart that fed upon  
Itself—disdaining to reveal in full  
Its bitterness. Her morning star had shone  
With dazzling brilliancy ;—but now how dull  
Its evening setting ! Birth and Beauty won  
All hearts to her—and hope appear to lull  
Her slightest fears asleep :—a little time,  
And that sweet flower was blasted in its prime !

## LXI.

Thus the most brilliant destinies are doomed  
Full oft to turn unto a bitter fate :  
Thus are the promises of youth entombed  
In the misfortunes or the crimes that wait  
Our riper years,—and every hope, which bloomed  
In our young spring, is nipped by winter's hate :—  
As Alpine paths oft lead to an abyss,  
So human ways end in a precipice !

## LXII.

Or—to go farther—oft will man's career,  
With all the elements of greatness fraught,  
End, like those Roman pathways which appear  
Built by the giant hands of old—in naught,  
Not e'en in an abyss.—A single year  
For Adeline a mighty change had wrought :—  
She, who was lately as a goddess prized,  
Was now deserted—exiled—and despised !

## LXIII.

Lord Henry, with a view to a divorce,  
'Gainst Juan brought an action for *crim con* :  
Wrackem and Wrench, his lawyers, did of course  
Lay damages and costs most thickly on.  
This last amour turned out a fertile source  
Of miseries ;—but the severest one,  
And that for which he very deeply grieved,  
Was the ensuing note that he received :—

## LXIV.

“ The Lady Pinchbeck presents compliments  
To Senor Juan, and takes leave to state,  
For Miss Rose Delacour, that the events  
Which have unpleasantly occurred of late,  
Have wrought a painful feeling which prevents  
All future correspondence from this date.  
Miss Delacour—though deeply she deplore  
The step—can ne'er see Senor Juan more.

## LXV.

“ The Lady Pinchbeck farther begs to say,  
That her maternal care she shall preserve  
Towards the little Leila ;—and she'll pray  
For Senor Juan to strain every nerve  
To wipe the stigma from his name away ;  
And that in future he may never swerve  
From the right road which persons of his quality  
Should keep from prudence, if not from morality.”

## LXVI.

To Lady Pinchbeck's house our hero went,  
When he received this letter, to declare  
How bitterly he did the past repent,  
And how a change of life should be his care :  
But—as a sorrowful presentiment  
Had whispered him—Rose was no longer there ;  
And Lady Pinchbeck would not satisfy  
In that respect his curiosity.

## LXVII.

To London he returned, disconsolate,  
Knowing not how to offer the resistance  
Of moral courage to his luckless fate.  
It seemed as if the charm of his existence  
Were now dissolved away—that charm which late  
Had been his mental solace and subsistence :—  
The pleasures which with Adeline he tasted  
No portion of his love for Rose had wasted.

## LXVIII.

The sanguine disposition, which is never  
Afraid to follow hope's alluring beck,  
Although through fire and flood it lead, is ever  
The first to falter at the slightest check.  
Thus when our hero marked the bright chain sever  
Which held the dearest of his aims from wreck,  
He deemed the ill to be beyond repair,  
And dissipation sought to soothe his care.

## LXIX.

He mingled with that miscellaneous set  
Composed of "men upon the town," and those  
Whose visible resources lay in debt,  
Horse-racing, cards, and what besides God knows ;—  
Men who confirmed assertion with a bet,  
And proved the fairness of the bet with blows ;—  
Men, in a word, who held a medium station  
Between impunity and transportation.

## LXX.

He lost large sums at play, where he was cheated ;  
And if he ventured to express a doubt,  
"Do you suspect my honour, sir !" repeated  
Each gentlemanly rogue who cleaned him out.  
When with intoxicating liquors heated,  
Hemmed in by knaves and blacklegs round about,  
And seeking play by an infatuation,  
He seemed a man led on by desperation.

## LXXI.

O Youth ! could'st thou sum up the hours that fleetest  
Fly upon dissipation's wings away ;  
Could'st thou compute the moments which seem sweetest,  
When passed among the thoughtless and the gay ;  
The aggregate would show thee that thou cheatest  
Reason of more than half her lawful sway ;  
While all the period that thou sav'st from folly  
Becomes the prey of grief and melancholy !

## LXXII.

Meantime the action, which Lord Henry brought  
Against our hero, went on rapidly ;  
The more so that Don Juan never sought  
Himself by counsel's aid to justify :—  
Still sensible to honour's voice, he thought  
Defence would add insult to injury.  
Thus, as the lawyers were not forced to halt,  
The judgment went against him by default.

## LXXIII.

The Sheriff's Court proceeded to assess—  
Also without the slightest opposition  
On Juan's part—th' amount of damages,  
Considered with regard to his condition.  
*Five thousand pounds !* No counsel asked for less—  
For Juan would not proffer a petition,  
Though indirectly, in a case where he  
Had been the source of such an injury.

## LXXIV.

Five thousand pounds ! Th' amount was easy stated,  
And easily demanded, too, next day ;  
But not so easy to be liquidated,  
With the expenses that there were to pay ;—  
For nearly all his wealth was dissipated  
Upon the turf, in dinners, or at play ;  
And you might know sharp lawyers, but I'd back 'em  
To be outdone by Messieurs Wrench and Wrackem.

## LXXV.

As Juan was not an ambassador,  
But merely sent to settle an affair  
Of private though intricate nature, for  
The Russian Board of Trade, he did not wear  
The sacred character of envoy, nor  
Did any diplomatic title bear,  
By means of which he might have been possess  
Of freedom from the chances of arrest.

## LXXVI.

And now by danger suddenly recalled  
From dissipation's ruinous career,  
He retrospected, with a glance appalled,  
Upon his conduct of the last half year.  
To break the chains by which he'd been enthralled,  
And quit the company that cost so dear,  
Was the first step he took, upon reflection,  
To remedy the ills of that connexion.

## LXXVII.

He next despatched to Russia and to Spain  
Letters unto his bankers in both nations,  
So that he might without delay obtain  
The funds to liquidate his obligations.  
And that he should not go astray again,  
He hastened to remove from all temptations :—  
Resolved to live as quiet as a mouse,  
He took apartments in a boarding-house.



## LXXVIII.

Th' establishment was on the Surrey side,  
Some trifling distance from the Obelisk—  
A neighbourhood where he might safely hide  
From sheriffs' officers, with little risk ;  
And where the King's Bench Rulers, in their pride,  
Within their Liberties were seen to frisk,  
Into the taverns and the cooks' shops staring,  
Like little boys sent out to take an airing.

## LXXIX.

An English boarding-house ! The mere idea  
Is cold and wretched—like the rooms inside.  
It has no ties which render home so dear,  
But seems a kennel where a man may hide—  
Something a hospital or prison near,  
Or an admixture of the two—where pride  
Struts in a seedy coat or faded gown,  
And has four meals a-day for half-a-crown.

## LXXX.

To live in such a place is to declare  
That one has neither home, nor friends, nor ties ;  
Nor e'en a bed, a table, or a chair ;—  
It is a mattress upon which he lies—  
A trough at which he eats—a barrack where  
He herds with others—and where, when he dies,  
There's not a soul to drop a tear, or say  
A syllable of prayer above his clay.

## LXXXI.

The keeper of a boarding-house each hour  
Speculates on your hunger, sickness, health—  
Begrudges you each morsel you devour—  
Watches your movements, like a cat, by stealth—  
Commends the bread most stale, the wine most sour—  
Declares the greatest virtue to be wealth,  
And thus insults the poverty that gives  
The little pittance by whose aid he lives.

## LXXXII.

This is a boarding-house—emotionless—  
Cold—dead—inert—sad—comfortless—and drear ;  
A hole which sunshine never deigns to bless—  
A hearth which no domestic feelings cheer—  
A famished table where the hungry press—  
A threshold which the beggar comes not near—  
A place where there is little self-respect,  
And where the pass-word's " Poverty—Neglect."

## LXXXIII.

One gentleman, more jaunty than the rest,  
Sported a pinchbeck watch ;—an ancient maid  
Always appeared at meals with her head drest  
In an old yellow turban : thus arrayed  
She sate as prim and stately as a guest  
At the Queen's table ;—a young lady played  
Upon an old piano after dinner :  
To listen were meet penance for a sinner !

## LXXXIV.

There was a lady, too, of thirty three,  
With a young girl of nine, who called her "aunt :"  
She talked a great deal of Lord A. B. C.,  
And high acquaintances was wont to vaunt,  
But vowed she would not have them come to see  
Her while residing there, lest they should taunt  
Because her means were for the moment stinted—  
" Which would not always be the case," she hinted.

## LXXXV.

There was a dowager, whose breath was balmy  
With gin at night, at morn with orris-root :  
She said her circumstances had been palmy,  
" Until involved in that provoking suit ;"—  
Her husband was a general in the army—  
(Some said a serjeant—but we will not moot  
This question now)—and though so good a Lancer, he  
Fell in the ambush of the Court of Chancery.

## LXXXVI.

There was a clergyman, who drank and gamed ;—  
He never had a living, and was now  
Next door to starving : he was also famed  
For being a desperate fellow in a row :—  
There was a lawyer, who was not ashamed  
To pick up fees or clients any-how :—  
There was a half-pay captain, with a coat  
All frogged and buttoned close up to the throat.

## LXXXVII.

There was a fortune-hunter, much resembling  
A dandy out at elbows—steeped in debt—  
Upon the verge of prison ever trembling—  
A gambler—always ready with a bet—  
Full of deception, yet so well dissembling  
His faults that one or two old ladies set  
Their caps at him—but all their assiduities  
Were vain, because they had such small annuities.

## LXXXVIII.

There was a hoary sinner, who appeared  
At church on Sunday—where his small grey eyes  
Beneath each bonnet impudently peered,  
At those times when the congregation rise  
To sing King David's psalms ; and then he leered  
Like an old goat, or uttered amorous sighs :—  
But chiefly 'twas with girls of twelve or thirteen  
That this old vagabond liked to be flirting.

## LXXXIX.

If we stir up society's obscenities  
And rake about its moral filth to find  
A villain from whose bosom the amenities  
Of life have fled, and whose degraded mind  
Is filled with predilections base and mean—it is  
Impossible to show a wretch more blind  
To decency and honour than the hoary  
Old rogue just introduced into our story.

## XC.

There was a politician, who had found  
A way the public debt to liquidate ;  
And though his system was so very sound  
That it would pay off millions for the state,  
He sometimes could not muster up a pound  
To meet his weekly bill ;—and thus his fate  
Was that he gained no credit for his system,  
Because when payment-days came round he miss'd 'em.

## XCI.

There was a German Count, who—strange to say—  
Was born in Ireland, and possessed a brogue  
Strong enough to expose him any day,  
Save where deceptions seemed to be in vogue :  
His blustering manner and his skill at play  
Proclaimed the bully and confirmed the rogue :—  
His name in Connaught had been Paddy Dawson,  
His present title was Count Humbughausen.

## XCII.

These individuals herded all together—  
A loathsome intimacy, where each one  
Lived in mistrust of all. A common tether—  
Poverty—linked them thus. The morning sun  
Saw the gregarious crowd follow their wether  
Unto the breakfast-table, where upon  
A dirty cloth alternately were spread  
Small pats of butter, and huge heaps of bread.

## XCIII.

The ladies, in their *deshabiller* now,  
Were certainly at disadvantage seen :  
False fronts shed grizzled locks upon the brow,  
While glimpses of curl-papers shone between.  
Old morning gowns seemed put on any-how—  
Caps, stockings, petticoats were not too clean ;  
And bosoms hung down almost to the waist,  
Because the stays were only partly laced.

## XCIV.

The gentlemen's appearance seemed to match  
That of the ladies :—here a seedy coat—  
There dressing gowns, adorned with many a patch—  
Blue handkerchiefs tied loosely round the throat—  
Some antique specimens of shoes—a batch  
Of unshaved chins too numerous to quote—  
Hands dirty—hair uncombed—and long white stitches  
Showing where holes were darned up in black breeches !

## XCV.

Soon as the morning meal was terminated,—  
That is, when from the trough each had his mess,—  
The gentlemen and ladies separated,  
And to their private rooms repaired to dress.  
At two o'clock they all were reinstated  
Around the board, where viands steamed to bless  
The visual and olfactory nerves—but where  
The appetite was better than the fare.

## XCVI.

The clattering of tongues succeeded that  
Of knives and forks ;—and then in came a measure  
Of huge dimensions filled with punch, whereat  
The dowager pursed up her lips with pleasure.  
The youngest Miss who at the table sat  
Received a portion of the liquid treasure,  
So that the drunken parson could respect her  
For taking so sincerely to the nectar.

## XCVII.

Drink ! thou hast grave and numerous crimes to answer for :  
The young Miss sips her negus at the ball ;  
And then her partner easily can dance her for  
An hour without her feeling tired at all :  
And she will take the first hussar or lancer for  
Her husband, let whatever will befall ;  
And all the money which papa amassed  
With toil, falls in a spendthrift's hands at last.

## XCVIII.

Drink makes old ladies very sentimental—  
Ready to throw themselves into the arms  
Of tender youths, enamoured of their rental,  
And for whose hearts their lengthy purse has charms.  
Drink, in the hour of danger, can prevent all  
Cowards from succumbing to their soul's alarms.—  
Spirits I hate—but give me ruby wine,  
And on the table let the goblets shine !



## XCIX.

Approach, O Bacchanalian Hebe fair—

Approach, I say—and from thy moist red lip,  
Shrouded beneath thy long luxuriant hair,

The rich and fragrant juices may I sip !  
O'er seas of wine the God of Love should bear

His way, the ample chalice for a ship :—  
Let the fair hand of woman fill the bowl—  
With love the generous juice inspires the soul !

## C.

Of wealth, and power, and glory monarchs boast—

His mistress' charms the tender lover sings ;  
But there are moments when the jovial toast

And glass excel the bliss of swains and kings.  
When deep depression haunts you like a ghost,

Drink—and 't will fly away with drooping wings :—  
The tables of the Gods, served up with wine,  
By far excel the glories of their shrine.

## CI.

Oh ! life is not so long that we can spare

A day to sighs, or give a night to tears ;—  
Reflection upon ills increases care,

And conjures up a host of idle fears.  
The moderate glass enables man to dare

Those storms which crush the bloom of early years :—  
A single goblet of Epernay's juice,\*  
Amidst those storms, will sunshine e'er produce.

\* Epernay is famous for Moett's champagne—the best of the kind. It is worth while to travel a hundred miles out of one's way to visit that merchant's cellars.

## CII.

The soldier, bivouacking on the plain—

The sailor, roving on the boundless deep—

The courtier in the mighty monarch's train—

The wretched criminal, who fears to sleep—

The galley-slave, condemned to drag his chain—

The patriot, doomed in banishment to weep,—

All these admit that there's a charm divine

In that terrestrial nectar we call Wine.

## CIII.

The Mussulman, in secret festal hour—

The midnight robber, armed to steal and slay—

The amorous poet, in his mistress' bower—

The traveller, wending on his lonely way—

The sentinel upon th' embattled tower—

The gamester, staking life upon his play—

The invalid—the healthy—rich and poor—

Kneel at the shrine of Bacchus, and adore !

## CIV.

In wine and woman every earthly ill

Originates, the canting priests declare ;

But they can drain the generous goblet still,

And from their pious avocations spare

An hour which they in secret gladly kill

With the attractions of the blushing fair.—

O bilious moralists, why would'st thou bring

A cloud on mortal's evanescent spring ?

## CV.

Alas ! the festive chamber joins the grave—  
The bacchanalian eve may mark our doom ;  
The ivy round our brows to day, may wave  
To-morrow as Death's emblem o'er our tomb.\*  
The talented—the beautiful—the brave—  
And those gigantic geniuses, for whom  
Earth's scope is not sufficient—all are bound  
To the same narrow bed beneath the ground.

## CVI.

Hast ever marked the fading spirit fly—  
The parting of the body and the soul ?  
There is a kind of mental agony,  
As it would seem, that often thrills the whole  
Of the decaying frame, as the glazed eye  
Is fixed upon that dread trans-mundane goal  
To which the vital spark is ebbing fast—  
A shudder what may be the doom at last !

\* The ancients, at their festivals, were accustomed to twine the ivy as well as the vine and laurel around their brows. Cassimir Dela Vigne alludes to their custom in a famous Bacchanalian song, beginning—

Mes amis, nos coupes sont pleines,  
L'écume en couronne les bords :  
Quel feu, circulant dans mes veines,  
M'inspire de nouveaux transports !

## CVII.

Nature decrees that man shall fall.—Alas !

He's born—he's dead : his life's to-day begun,  
To-morrow all his youthful pleasures pass,  
And evening marks his fleeting sojourn done.  
Well said the Prophet that all flesh was grass ;—  
As insects glitter in the morning sun,  
And perish in the evening, so do we  
As constantly fulfil our destiny.

## CVIII.

Others shall use the riches we have earned,  
Vituperate the heroes whom we praised,  
Build up the thrones which we have overturned,  
Cast down the monuments that we have raised,  
Exalt the memories of those we spurned,  
Adopt the schemes from which we shrank amazed,  
Level the mountains that we could not scale,  
And add another chapter to life's tale.

## CIX.

But to return to the establishment  
Where Juan now resided. We have seen  
The inmates after dinner all intent  
Upon the punch, brewed in a vast tureen :  
Around, now, ancient jokes and humour went,  
And squabbling filled the intervals between ;  
But every evil passion was unloosed  
When evening came and cards were introduced.

## CX.

There's nothing that evokes th' atrocious spirit  
 Of frail humanity so soon as gaming :  
 All the accursed feelings men inherit  
 From their first parent, and which brook no taming,  
 Burst fiercely forth just when the greatest merit  
 Were to encounter each reverse inflaming,  
 With an exterior calm. There's not a vice  
 Which is not fostered or produced by dice.

## CXI.

Now all the actions of those gamblers naughty—  
 Vredenburg, Bower, Clanricarde, Forbes and Baring—  
 Bond, Crockford, Acland, Rosenberg, and Cauty—  
 How some are famed for craft, and some for daring ;  
 And how whenever one a pigeon sought, he  
 Plucked him with hand as skilful as unsparing,—  
 Are they not written in the *Satirist*?—  
 Go, reader, and peruse it if you list !

## CXII.

But to our boarding-house. An anxious group  
 At eve around a little table met ;  
 The parson was the great man of the troop,  
 For none more skilfully knew when to bet :  
 He'd also learnt how to *sauter la coupe*,\*  
 And therefore never lost the stake he set.  
 Thus every night did he come off the winner  
 Of funds to pay the morrow's punch and dinner

\* To *sauter la coupe* is to turn up the king at pleasure, or to obtain the privilege of the deal by means of cutting a superior card to that of an antagonist—both feats being the results of skill or pre-arrangement. Lord de Roos, a member of the English aristocracy, was detected in the act of cheating by these means.

## CXIII.

The parson was most knowing, to be sure :

No Greek could bridge\* the cards so well—and none  
With dice was half so able to secure :†

By him a flat was certain to be done.

His vein of luck seemed ever to endure ;—

And 'tis enough to puzzle any one  
How amongst sharps and blacklegs the old parson  
Night after night could carry such a farce on.

\* To "bridge the cards" is to bend any number of them in such a manner, but still so slightly as to be unapparent to one who is not initiated, that an antagonist will take up in cutting the quantity so bridged, or curved, and thus suit another pre arrangement of the sharp," who by these means possesses himself of the king or other high card at *ecarte*, &c. "Bridging" is now so well known, that few "Greeks" (sharps) ever have recourse to it; but fifty years ago the practice was only understood by a small number of persons.

† To "secure" is to retain one die in the hollow of the hand which holds the box, while the other die is rattled sharply and only for a few moments in the box, so that the absence of one is not perceived by the ear. Then, when the "Greek" proceeds to throw or cast his dice, he turns up any number he chooses with the one "secured" in his hand. In order to give to one die rattling in the box the sound of two dice, a raised rim or hoop is cut inside the box, about half way down. This species of hoop is, on the other hand, an auxiliary towards rendering the box a fair one, as the dice must turn in passing it, and consequently a player cannot pre-arrange the numbers he intends to throw by placing the dice in a certain way in the box so that when cleverly turned over such numbers may appear upwards. The hoop in the box is therefore an aid to the "Greek" who "secures"—and a guarantee of fair play when that practice is not had recourse to.

## CXIV.

But the experienced Greek full often meets

A Greek more cunning than himself, and then  
Begins the tug of war. The latter cheats

So skilfully as to defy the ken  
Of him whom by superior craft he beats.

Gamblers are the most obstinate of men ;  
And though they know that they are swindled, will  
Till they detect the method, play on still.\*

\* The tenacity of gamblers to their dreadful propensity, even when experiencing unvaried and consecutive reverses of fortune, may be illustrated with numerous anecdotes. There are a few exceptions to this rule—especially amongst the French who frequently make a point of staking a certain sum nightly, and never exceeding it in case of loss, while they will also retire, in case of gain, the moment they have obtained a fixed amount. The author of this poem never gambled for a shilling ; but having been a great deal upon the continent, he has seen much of what is denominated “the play world.” He remembers one incident which it will be worth while to relate. Somewhere about the month of February or March, 1832, two Jews arrived in Calais from Paris ; and, hearing that the English residents in the former place were accustomed to meet every evening at the Cafe Legrand to play cards, thither they repaired at the usual hour. It happened that A——d, the celebrated English gambler, was in Calais at that moment ; and he and a Captain B——n were soon pitted against the two Jews. A more honourable man than Captain B——n did not exist ; but A——d was of course well acquainted with the usual artifices, tricks, and manœuvres practised with the cards. Heavy sums were staked ; and the Jews swept every thing away before them. Fresh packs of cards were provided each game, according to the custom of the country, by the person who kept the Cafe. For three consecutive evenings was the play renewed ; and the result was the loss of several thousand pounds from the Captain and A——d to the Jews. The latter then proceeded to Boulogne, where they were equally successful amongst the English inhabitants of that town. In a word, the two Jews succeeded in amassing an immense fortune by these means. One of them was thrown out of a window, a few years since, at Lyons, by a French officer who detected him in certain mal-practices with the cards ; and he was killed upon the spot. The other is at this moment—or at all events was lately—a wealthy stock-broker in Paris. For a long time they retained the secret of the proceeding by which they had been enabled to succeed in every game they played with the cards. That secret was however eventually revealed—purchased from one of its possessors : and accident has brought it to the knowledge of the author of this



## CXV.

There is in gaming an infatuation  
 To which men yield as 'twere to the decree  
 Of an unchangeable predestination—  
 A stern irrevocable destiny.  
 Juan could not resist this new temptation :—  
 Oh ! why should there occasion ever be  
 For a relapse ? and why does Vice still show  
 Herself in new shapes wheresoe'er we go ?

## CXVI.

*Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare  
 Charybdem* :—such was Juan's present case ;  
 But still his late experience made him wary—  
 Especially in such a doubtful place ;  
 For from the first it had required no fairy  
 Nor conj'rer to enable him to trace  
 The characters of the suspicious set  
 Whom in the Surrey boarding-house he met.

poem. The plan was as follows :—A very thin slip was cut length-ways off all the high cards of all the suits ; and an equally narrow slip was cut width-ways from the low cards. A peculiar acuteness of feeling was obtained by study and continual practise ; and the result was the power of those who possessed the secret to sort the cards in any way they chose. When the Jews arrived at a town, they made an arrangement with the keeper of the coffee-house to supply the cards already prepared by them ; and a heavy bribe, or a handsome per-centage upon the proceeds, usually ensured the co-operation. The two Jews studied and practiced their system for two or three years before they brought it to the required state of perfection, the pieces cut off the cards being so narrow, that it was only by an extraordinary keenness of the touch the distinctions could be perceived. Baron Rosenberg visited England some years ago, obtained introductions to the Clubs and other places of fashionable resort, and succeeded in fleecing the English aristocracy out of a considerable sum of money. The secret of the Jews was known to him :—*verbum sat*.

## CXVII.

Juan lost a few guineas and withdrew

Disgusted to his couch—his bosom swelling  
With indignation at the greedy crew

Who made more wretched a most wretched dwelling.  
Besides, his vile position—strange and new—

Soon set his really noble soul rebelling  
Against the adverse destiny which sent  
Him to seek safety in that tenement.

## CXVIII

Some weeks passed thus—and as time onward rolled,

And none sought to intrude on his retreat,  
Our hero in his rambles grew more bold ;—

But still he ventured not where he might meet  
Those West-End friends who robbed him of his gold.

'Twas on the southern side of London's seat  
He wandered, 'spite of February's snows,  
Pondering ever on his much-loved Rose.

## CXIX.

'Twas down the Old Kent Road one morn he went,  
After a night of agitated slumber :

Dark clouds were gathered o'er the firmament ;

The piles of snow seemed heaped up to encumber  
The road along whose path his steps were bent ;—

All Nature wore an aspect drear and sombre ;  
Even the snow had lost its usual whiteness,  
For heaven sent forth not one ray of brightness.

## CXX.

With Nature Juan's mind, in unison,  
Was dark and gloomy. He regarded not  
The snows that wet his feet, or fell upon  
His countenance. The weather seemed forgot ;  
And yet without an object he toiled on,  
As if he could outstrip his painful lot,  
Or fly away from thought. As vainly glide  
Streamlets that would flow faster than their tide !

## CXXI.

The houses which he passed seemed desolate ;  
The blinds were o'er the bed-room windows drawn ;  
The shivering milkman at the garden gate  
Stayed not to chatter on so cold a morn :  
Huge wreaths of snow fantastically sate  
On shrubs which in the summer graced a lawn ;  
And from the passing mail, which dragged on wearily.  
No gladsome bugle-note was wafted cheerily.

## CXXII.

Juan paused for a moment opposite  
A cottage, which, amidst that winter gloom,  
Possessed an aspect pleasing to the sight ;—  
A fire burnt brightly in the lower room :  
And past the window—heavens ! saw he right ?—  
Flitted the form of that loved being whom  
To call his own—to clasp her as his bride—  
He would resign all that earth held beside !

## CXXIII.

He leant upon the gate—his reason rocked  
Upon the throne of intellect's dominion ;—  
Ah ! was it a delusion, then, that mocked  
His vision, flying on ærial pinion ?—  
Dreading defeated hope, his soul was shocked—  
He trembled like a tyrant's guilty minion :—  
Great God ! can such a disappointment be ?—  
Oh ! no—he sees her face—'tis she—'tis she !

## CXXIV.

'Tis she !—Oh ! not more rapid is the wing  
Of eagle hastening to her tender brood  
That wait on mountain-top for her to bring  
From the green vale afar their daily food,—  
No—not more rapid than the sudden spring  
Which, from the spot where he in doubt had stood,  
Our hero made towards the cottage-gate :—  
Ah ! true love knows not how to hesitate !

## CXXV.

He clamoured at the door—the servant came ;  
He stayed not to enquire if Rose dwelt there,  
Nor to pronounce his business nor his name,  
But forced his way into the parlour, where  
He saw her figure pass the window-frame :—  
She was alone—and pale, but wondrous fair !  
“ Pardon, dear Rose ! ” was all he could repeat—  
“ Pardon ! ” he cried, and knelt down at her feet.

## CXXVI.

As aspens in the evening zephyrs dance,  
So did the maiden's bosom palpitate :—  
His eyes, upraised unto her countenance,  
Seemed to enquire the fiat of his fate :  
True penitence appeared in that sad glance.—  
Oh ! not a moment could she hesitate,  
But gave her hand—the lover now was blest,  
And snatched the trembling fair one to his breast.

## CXXVII.

Sweet is the moment when the blushing maid  
Whispers “ I love thee ! ” in her lover's ear :  
Sweet is the moment when—though half afraid—  
His lips first press the ones he deems most dear :  
Sweet is the moment when her eyes upbraid  
His late arrival, with the glistening tear ;—  
But there's a joy which far exceeds all this—  
The charm of reconciliation's bliss !

## CXXVIII.

The appetite, which turns from sour to sweet,  
Finds the sweet sweeter than it was before :—  
The sunshine that comes after rain and sleet,  
Than the preceding beams is welcomed more :  
And when the traveller drags his weary feet  
Over the threshold of his cottage-door,  
After long absence, each familiar tone  
Seems to possess a charm till then unknown.

## CXXIX.

Rose ne'er appeared so beautiful as when  
She hastened to dispel her lover's fears,  
And throw a veil upon the past ;—and then  
From her sweet eyes he kissed away the tears.  
Juan was now the happiest of men !—  
Though woman's anger for a season sears  
The tender heart—yet still the wound may prove  
The anodyne of her returning love !

## CXXX.

Now mutual joys and miseries revealing,  
The lovers in long conversation sate :—  
Confessing all his faults—not e'en concealing  
Th' excesses he had plunged into of late,  
Juan displayed a very proper feeling—  
A fact which I am highly pleased to state,  
Because 'twill interest the ladies in him,  
And for his former faults their pardon win him.

## CXXXI.

But ladies now-a-days are more elastic  
In their ideas than they were wont to be :  
In virtue's cause grown less enthusiastic,  
They wink at faults which all the world can see.  
No longer with a prudery fantastic  
Do they expel from their society  
The gentleman whose life's a little looser  
Than it should be, and who's a known seducer.

## CXXXII.

No—when a Colonel Berkeley goes among them,  
They whisper, “ Ah ! here comes the naughty man ! ”  
Although aware that he will also wrong them,  
As he has done by others, if he can.  
At balls and routs the dowagers, who throng them,  
Will smile and tap him gently with a fan,  
Exclaiming, “ Well ! you’ve got in sad disgrace—  
Pray, are you not ashamed to show your face ? ”

## CXXXIII.

And then this coxcomb-villain, whose profession  
Or avocation is seduction, wears  
Of triumph and of pride the bright expression,  
Assumes the hero, and shows off his airs.  
The world encourages the man’s transgression,  
And—if it have a moment’s leisure—spares  
A thought upon the victim he has left,  
Of fame, and happiness, and health bereft.

## CXXXIV.

But if a servant-girl should step astray  
With some low groom—on their devoted heads  
How does th’ artillery of anger play—  
How indignation all its fury sheds !  
Turned in a moment from their place away,  
Henceforth the workhouse may provide their beds ;  
For those who form the first class of society  
Monopolise the right of impropriety.



## CXXXV.

Nor must the poor encroach upon their manor :—

The titled demirep will ne'er allow

Her maid to be less prudent than Susannah—

Unless a Bishop (we've no Elders now)

Should seek by wile and money to trepan her :

But should a humbler lover any how

Seduce her through the means of her affection,

Then send her straight to the House of Correction !

## CXXXVI.

“ All things at Rome are venal !” was the cry

Of the arch-satirist\* of ancient times :

So in this blessed island wealth can buy

Impunity for many of those crimes

Of which the poor must bear the penalty.—

Money and Rank are the eternal chimes

That ring in every ear—but Rank can do

Nothing without the treasure of the Jew.

## CXXXVII.

The age is governed by this golden maxim,

Which should be printed on the sun's broad disk,

“ Let man make money, though the devil backs him !”—

See how the wealthy profligate can frisk

Amongst the ladies ! When the law attacks him

He laughs, for he before has weighed the risk

Of being compelled a certain sum to pay,

For certain pleasures, on a certain day.

\* Juvenal.

## CXXXVIII.

Thus may a gentleman say to himself,

“ I have five thousand pounds to spare—I long  
For my friend’s wife—and I will give the pelf,

When justice orders, to repair the wrong.”—

Shade of Charles Stuart ! \* spirit of George Guelph ! †

To ye my Muse shall dedicate her song,  
For ye were fitting Kings to rule the land  
Where folks such compromises understand.

## CXXXIX.

Fitzhardinge ! thou may’st rest assured thy name

Is entered often in the Devil’s book,  
Imprinted with the boldest type of flame,—

And that his Majesty will keep a nook  
Of his infernal territory, to tame

Your constitution in some icy brook :  
At all events your lordship is so crammed  
With evil, that you’re certain to be damned !

\* Charles the Second—an infamous but a good-hearted monarch.

† George the Fourth — an infamous and black-hearted monarch. Not one single redeeming trait did this crowned monster possess :—he was a vile profligate, a miserable debauchee, a faithless friend, an inhuman husband, and a bad King.

## CXL.

To you, my lord, has innocence in vain

Knelt supplicating, with dishevelled hair ; \*

The answer has been insult and disdain—

The sequel, bliss to you—to her despair !

Each new accession to your harem-train,

Each conquest over some fresh victim fair,

Has sealed a parent's or a husband's doom,

Or sent a lover to an early tomb.

## CXLI.

Thou hast permitted nothing to oppose

The triumph of thy passions :—all those ties

Which generous natures feel, or honour knows,

Hast thou made to thy lust a sacrifice.

I would not be the author of the woes

Which thou hast heaped upon whole families—

No—not for all thy wealth and titled name :—

Thou shameless man, I shudder at thy shame !

\* The *Morning Herald*, with a fearlessness that deserves the highest commendation, published an account, a few days after the elevation of Lord Segrave to the Earldom of Fitzhardinge, of an adventure of this nobleman with a young lady whom he seduced under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. No name was mentioned in this journal's account of the transaction, which was narrated in the form of a letter ;—but the individual was so well pointed out, that all the world recognised the portraiture. The cap moreover seemed to fit uncommonly well ; for his lordship wrote a letter about it the very next day. Of course he denied the whole statement : the value of such a denial was rightly estimated by the public.

## CXLII.

As the rebellious giant race of old,  
To scale th' imperial palaces of heaven,  
Ossa on Pelion, mount on mountain rolled—  
So thou hast added crime to crime, and riven  
The hearts which thou hast heaped upon the cold  
Waste of abandonment, where they were driven !—  
The Whigs performed a duty loyal and true  
To justice, when they made an Earl of you !

## CXLIII.

Go to the House of Lords, and take your seat  
As near the Bishops' bench as well you may :  
The holy fathers possibly may treat  
Your soul to comfort spiritual some day ;—  
At least you will require it—and 'tis meet  
That for your numerous sins you now should pray ;—  
Not that I think that anything can save you,  
For as his right the Devil's sure to crave you.

## CXLIV.

Oh ! think of her—that mild and beauteous one,  
Whose hopes were blighted when with thee she met,  
And who, hadst thou been honourable, had shone  
The brightest jewel of thy coronet :  
Think of the heart of hearts by thee undone—  
Think of thy perjury—and tremble yet ;—  
Though she have wealth and honours—hope and name—  
The blackness of thy crime exists the same.

## CXLV.

Here shall I close my Second Canto ;—here  
I pause again. Perhaps this song of mine  
May never in a printed form appear,  
Never in library nor boudoir shine.  
My name, applauded in another sphere,  
May ne'er, O heavenly Muse ! be known in thine :—  
But I shall still pursue my theme, and wait  
The issue of events to show my fate.

## CXLVI.

Inured to disappointments of all kind,  
I take things very calmly now ;—in short,  
Whate'er my destiny, I feel resigned.  
Capricious Fortune has made me her sport :  
One day I'm very rich—the next I find  
Myself a debtor in th' Insolvents' Court.  
I have four children and a wife—and they  
Sustain my energies from day to day.

## CXLVII.

Reader, if ever I unveil the mystery,  
That, when I publish this, shall shroud my name,  
I'll tell thee somewhat of my former history—  
Which I should do with tears—but not of shame !  
If Fame do aught to help me, I'll assist her ;—I  
Might such vicissitudes and wrongs proclaim  
That men—: but wait—the time is not yet come—  
And till the proper moment I am dumb.

## CANTO III.

## I.

How beautiful is earth, with stream and fountain,  
With gurgling rivulet, and light cascade ;—  
How grand is earth, with snow-enveloped mountain,  
And torrent roaring through the ruined glade ;—  
How strange is earth, with flowers beyond all counting,  
And serpents coiled beneath their treacherous shade ;—  
How wonderful is earth, with all that teems  
In its broad plains, its oceans, and its streams !

## II.

All is in motion—life is everywhere—  
And everything is life ! There's nothing dead—  
For e'en the dead and putrid matters bear  
The principles of new existence spread  
Throughout their rottenness :—the very air,  
On which the streams of golden light are shed,  
Teems with a myriad million living things,  
Which float around us on invisible wings.

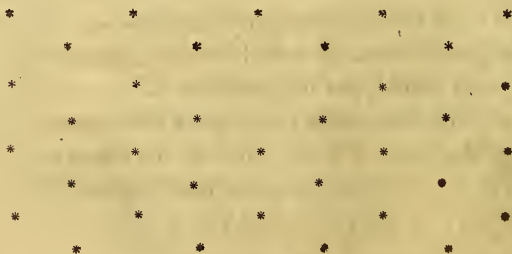
## III.

Each drop of water is a world containing  
 Creatures more numerous than the men of earth ;—  
 The April shower, upon the green tree raining,  
 To fresh creations in each leaf gives birth :  
 Nature, her balance every where regaining,  
 New breathing things to form leaves nothing dearth ;—  
 Spitzbergen's ice and Afric's sandy field  
 To Nature's living mass their tribute yield.

## IV.

Presumptuous Man ! think'st thou that all of these  
 Illimitable million things were made  
 Thy taste to gratify, and pride to please,  
 And by thy will all-powerful to be swayed ?  
 Was the earth formed for thee alone ? were trees  
 Planted but to provide thee fruit and shade ?  
 To thee were beasts commanded to submit ?  
 Was Nature made for thee, or thou for it ?

## V.





## VI.

But, Ah ! the true religion may be read,  
In mountain-torrent and in placid stream—  
In ocean tossing in its mighty bed—  
In gloomy forest and in sunshine's beam—  
In the loud thunder and the lightning dread—  
In comets' fiery glow and meteors' gleam—  
In fertile fields where golden harvests wave—  
In life with all its bustle—and the grave !

## VII.

Yes—Nature has her morals more sublime  
Than all that human wisdom ever knew :  
There's not a written monument of Time  
Can teach a lesson half so sage or true  
As Nature's volume, studied in a clime  
Where her majestic scenery can imbue  
Th' imagination with a fitting sense  
Of all her grandeur and omnipotence !

## VIII.

Those, who in towns and mighty cities dwell,  
To the great voices by which Nature speaks  
In her grand scenes, are inaccessible :—  
The world's voice with its clamour ever seeks  
To drown the voice of God. But 'tis the swell  
Of ocean raging, and the storm that wreaks  
Its vengeance on the forest, and the flow  
Of mountain-torrents to the vale below ;—

## IX.

'These are the spectacles that may controul  
Imagination with resistless power ;—  
'These are the voices speaking to the soul  
With the impressiveness of danger's hour :  
'Then, as such scenes athwart the memory roll,  
May the bright wings of true religion tower,  
Like those of eagles on their trackless way,  
Requiring space unbounded for their play.

## X.

I know not what inspired this train of thought,  
When I sate down my story to continue :  
Reader, if your approval can be bought  
By frankness, then my verse is sure to win you ;  
And should some change of sentiment be wrought,  
And early prejudices crushed within you,  
You will rejoice that you have read my strain,  
And I shall feel that 'tis not sung in vain !

## XI.

Now to continue.—Of that cottage fair,  
Which seemed to speak a thrifty woman's pride,  
Rose and an agèd female servant were  
The only tenants : comfort reigned inside—  
'The industry of Rose and generous care  
Of Lady Pinchbeck every want supplied ;  
And happiness seemed to surround the maiden,—  
But, Ah ! her soul with inward grief was laden !

## XII.

For in her gentle breast a dismal void  
Had been since with her lover she had parted ;  
And, though at intervals with fond hopes buoyed,  
At times she wept as she were broken-hearted.  
Then, when her fairy visions were destroyed,  
Into her soul a gleam of sunshine darted,  
As if the brightest ray of paradise  
Entered the hemisphere of midnight skies.

## XIII.

Ah ! Hope will soar, like eagle, towards the sun,  
With eyes upon her idol ever bent,  
And then recoil, like that ephemeron  
From its vain journey to the firmament.  
Wing-weary, ere one half her flight be done,  
Hope feels her energy and vigour spent,  
And droops in mournful silence on the plain,  
Till tempted by fresh rays to soar again.

## XIV.

But now the secret wish and secret prayer,  
Which in her thoughts alone had Rose confest,—  
Those aspirations of her heart that ne'er  
In oral syllables had been express,—  
These—these were answered now ;—and *he* was there—  
Joy had resumed its dwelling in her breast ;  
And from the lovers' eyes, transfused, were sent  
Those glances that their souls together blent.

## XV.

“ But was it prudent for Miss Delacour  
The visits of Don Juan to allow,  
After his conduct faithless and impure  
With Lady Adeline, and broken vow ?”—  
Thus will the reader ask,—but I am sure  
I shall not stop to moot the matter now,  
Save to observe—for fear I should forget—  
That Prudence ne’er was Love’s handmaiden yet.

## XVI.

And Juan talked of marriage, and sincerely,  
Meant all he said—and said too all he meant :  
His late excesses he repented dearly,  
Because till his remittances were sent  
The holy rite must be delayed :—Rose merely  
Blushed, and her modest glances downward bent :—  
She would not speak her thoughts, but she was willing  
To have espoused the youth without a shilling.

## XVII.

He knew that many weeks could not pass by  
Before he should have a communication  
From Spain,—for in those days celerity  
Was not the principle of navigation :  
But still the time would glide on happily,  
Since he had found out Rose’s habitation,  
Whereat—as Fortune seemed no more to spite them—  
He’d visit till the day that should unite them.

## XVIII.

Thus whispered Juan in the maiden's ear ;  
And even rigid virtue's self could melt  
With tenderness at language so sincere ;—  
And Rose all those delicious transports felt  
Which warm the heart that's conscious of being dear  
To him who kneels and speaks ;—and Juan knelt,  
And spoke in words of fire, and looked in glances  
Of lightning—Cupid's most destructive lances.

## XIX.

And her fair form was bent tow'rds him—one hand  
Fast locked in his—the other fondly playing  
With his luxuriant hair ;—her sweet breath fanned  
His cheeks, like zephyr amid roses straying :—  
Not for one moment had our hero planned  
One thought of the confiding girl betraying,  
Else were his triumph easy in th' excess  
Of that enraptured moment's tenderness.

## XX.

Hour after hour passed rapidly away  
In sweet discourse and dalliance innocent ;  
And still they found that they had much to say,  
And marvelled that the time so quickly went :—  
Evening appeared—and Juan might not stay,  
But breathed a fond adieu, and homeward bent  
His steps, rejoicing that his woe was past,  
The object of his love being found at last.

## XXI.

Oh ! he—the wanderer, the fugitive

From the gay scenes of life,—he who would madly  
The day before his lorn existence give

To him who chose to take it,—he who sadly  
That morn had asked himself why he should live

Since all he loved was lost,—Oh ! now how gladly  
Did he commune within himself, and say,  
“ May heaven renew the blessings of to-day ! ”

## XXII.

And heaven accorded his request. With Rose

He passed the hours each day from morn until  
The stars were scattered on the sky.—The snows

Of winter disappeared—the gentle rill  
Woke from its spell-bound trance—the birds uprose

On gladsome wing, their carol blythe to trill :—  
Nature threw off cold Winter’s dismal shroud,  
Summoned young Spring, and sang his welcome loud.

## XXIII.

Then Time gave Spring the rule of his domain,

And bade the earth yield verdure at his feet :  
The woods assumed their foliage again—

The primrose and the violet sprang to greet  
The traveller ;—the valley and the plain

Were strewn with wild flowers beautiful and sweet ;  
The earth, divested of dark winter’s gloom,  
Was rich in brightness, greenness, and perfume.

## XXIV.

Alas ! why doth full many a violet spring  
In forest lone, unseen by human eye ?  
Why do the seasons in succession bring  
Pleasures scarce felt ere they begin to fly ?  
And wherefore do our hearts so fondly cling  
Unto those objects that must soonest die ?—  
Short-sighted man ! the answer's still, " Because  
Those are all parts of Nature's mystic laws."

## XXV.

Oh ! as the seasons onward glide, must we  
Be schooled to throw a veil upon the past ;  
Or to lament that our spring-dreams should be  
Faded and gone—too beautiful to last ?—  
Ah ! let the floods of a Lethean sea  
Roll o'er those days when Time was wont to cast  
Flowers from his brow, and diamonds from his wing ;—  
Yes—let Oblivion shroud that perished Spring !

## XXVI.

'Twas one of those delicious April eves,  
When, after a long day of clondless lustre,  
The sun a pleasant temperature leaves,  
And broad red streaks in the horizon cluster,  
From which the earth a golden tint receives,—  
And at their cottage-doors the peasants muster,  
And chubby children o'er the meadows hie—  
Those gallant hunters of the butterfly !



## XXVII.

'Twas on an April evening such as this,  
That Rose and Juan in the parlour sate,  
Upon the sofa—her hand locked in his ;  
And in her eyes appeared to concentrate  
All the bright beams that told of passion's bliss :  
Flushed were those cheeks so fair and delicate ;  
And e'en her brow—the ivory throne of thought—  
A portion of that animation caught.

## XXVIII.

The lily hand of the coy maid to press—  
To cast your arm around her slender waist—  
To draw her nearer till her glossy tress  
Touches your flushing cheek,—and then to taste  
The honey of her lips of loveliness,  
Upon her beating heart your right hand placed,—  
Say, is not this a paradise ?—or can  
The gods confer a greater joy on man ?

## XXIX.

Oh ! yes—to look into her flashing eyes—  
To feel her bosom palpitate beneath  
Your throbbing hand—to mark the stifled sighs  
Escaping from her breast—to hear her breathe  
With difficulty as new transports rise—  
To feel her glowing arms around you wreath :—  
Declare once more, is this the bliss of heaven ?  
Or can a greater joy to man be given ?

## XXX.

Yes—when, no longer coy, she sinks in pleasure  
Upon your bosom,—when her virgin charms  
Surrender, amid sighs, their choicest treasure,—  
When new emotions triumph o'er alarms,  
And teach her ecstasies beyond all measure ;—  
When, palpitating—blushing, in your arms,  
Her flashing eyes and pouting lips apart  
Proclaim the happiness which fills her heart :—

## XXXI.

This is the earthly joy beyond compare—  
The fruit whose tempting aspect Mother Eve  
Could not resist, and which led the first pair  
That comfortable residence to leave,  
Of which they held the pleasant leasehold, where  
Euphrates rolls.—But it were vain to grieve  
For having learnt th' enjoyment of a fruit  
Whose taste is even known unto the brute.

## XXXII.

And such too was the bliss ineffable  
That Juan tasted in his mistress' arms.—  
Ah ! Rose—sweet Rose—what sad emotions swell  
Within me—and what indignation warms  
My soul, as thus the hapless tale I tell  
Of virtue sacrificed and rifled charms !—  
Alas ! although not easy to be won,  
Too soon, confiding girl, wast thou undone !

## XXXIII.

Thy very innocence betrayed thee, Rose—  
Thine ignorance of evil made thee fall ;  
For thou wast Nature's darling—one of those  
Pure-minded things whose failings we might call  
Characteristics of a state which knows  
Naught of how true love can be criminal.—  
But, ah ! when once the boundary is past,  
Then consciousness of evil comes at last.

## XXXIV.

The moment that the burning joy was o'er,  
Like molten metal did the warm blood rise  
To bathe in crimson hue the cheeks, and pour  
A flood of light into the swimming eyes ;  
For now the victim, innocent no more,  
Saw shame in Love's illicit mysteries :—  
The veil was drawn aside—and down her face  
The tears began their rapid way to trace.

## XXXV.

Then Juan drew her to his glowing breast—  
Kissed off the big drops from her lovely eyes,  
In kisses his sincerity expressed,  
Glued kisses on her lips to hush her sighs,  
By kisses taught her that she still was blest,  
With kisses promised all that women prize  
In such an hour ; and by those raptured kisses  
Restored Hope to her soul—that bliss of blisses !

## XXXVI.

Here, reader, it should be in justice stated  
 That Juan had not acted from design,  
 Nor ever in his soul premeditated  
 The quenching of that lamp in virtue's shrine :  
 A momentary impulse had been fated  
 To level excellence almost divine :—  
 Ah ! when Icarian wings approach the sun,  
 Th' aspirant, earth's art failing, is undone !

## XXXVII.

Were I a Baptist Noel or a Sherman,\*  
 I'd seize this opportunity to preach  
 Upon that sudden fall a pretty sermon,  
 And several minor morals also teach :—  
 Alas ! my Muse discovers that Mounts Hermon,  
 Tabor, and Sinai are beyond her reach,  
 And with the muddy Jordan cannot sing  
 So clear as with her own Pierian spring.

## XXXVIII.

The reader may perceive I am not quite  
 A “go-the-whole-hog saint”—nor “out-and-out  
 Evangelist”—nor specious Puseyite,  
 Whose tenets there's been such a fuss about ;—  
 Nor am I one of those who think it right  
 To rant, declaim, vociferate, and shout  
 At Exeter Hall, when the pious pay  
 Their annual tribute in the month of May.†

\* The former is an eminent divine of the Church of England : the latter is a dissenting minister, of equal fame amongst his sect, and who preaches at Rowland Hill's Chapel in the Blackfriars Road.

† All the religious, humane, philanthropic, and utilitarian societies hold their great annual meetings at Exeter Hall in May.

## XXXIX.

While millions starve at home, and children go  
Half-naked through the streets to beg their bread ;  
While o'er the land grim Want stalks to and fro,  
And famished families ask to be fed,—  
The treasures of the charitable flow  
To foreign climes (with sorrow be it said)  
To teach the savages to learn to read  
The Bible, and embrace the Christian creed.\*

## XL.

And if these be the viaducts to heaven,  
Exist there none within this happy isle  
To whom such benefits should first be given,  
And who most merit education's smile ?  
At home are there no sinners to be shriven ?  
Good Missionary, I pray thee—pause awhile  
To perfect all your fellow countrymen—  
Then seek new fields abroad—but not till *then* !

## XLI.

There's not a nation on earth's face so prone  
To cant and to hypocrisy, as mine :  
Each sleek and oily methodist is known  
To have a sneaking love for girls or wine ;—  
But outwardly they'll raise their eyes, and groan,  
And shudder at the youthful libertine.  
Of all the humbugs that on earth are quickening,  
Religious humbug is by far most sickening.

\* Allusion is here made to the various Foreign Missionary and Bible Societies.

## XLII.

This fact my cousin Edward Boys knows well !—

And speaking of relations, I can't boast  
Of their good feeling—nor with pleasure dwell

Upon their conduct, but could cite a host  
Of cruelties on their part, which to tell

Would summon from his sainted tomb the ghost  
Of my lamented father, who believed  
In their good faith—Oh ! how he was deceived !

## XLIII.

But our worst enemies are always those

Nearest allied to us :—I can't say why  
Our relatives should act the part of foes,

Yet 'tis a fact which few will dare deny ;  
And peradventure many a reader knows

A proof of this in his own family :—  
At all events, to keep good friends with mine  
One must possess endurance quite divine !

## XLIV.

The summer feelings of the youthful heart

Are blighted by the cold neglect of friends :—  
Though Hope's prophetic mirror may impart

Joy to the soul—how soon the vision ends !  
And, as we grasp the rose, we feel the smart

Of the sharp thorn beneath that deeply rends  
The flesh most sensitive :—then where are those  
Who should be first to mitigate our woes ?

## XLV.

Oh ! is it not the stranger's hand that oft  
Plucks from the smarting wound affliction's sting ?  
And is it not from stranger lips that soft  
Compassion flows to soothe our sorrowing ?—  
When kindred stood aloof, and false friends scoffed,  
From sources until then unknown would spring  
Sweet founts of sympathy to heal my care,  
And teach me how the ills of earth to bear.

## XLVI.

And if Pythagorean creeds be true,  
And the departed spirit can return  
Upon aërial pinion, to renew  
Those feelings with which mortal bosoms burn,—  
How mournful for the dead thus to review  
The cruelty of faithless friends who spurn  
The youthful charge entrusted to their care,  
And drive him forth to sorrow and despair !

## XLVII.

Such was my lot ! Oft did my young heart melt  
Beside the grave of buried comforts ;—few  
The flowers that margined my pathway, or dealt  
A perfume round—they withered as they grew ;  
And I despaired to rear them, for I felt  
That there was wanting still that holy dew  
Which to the bruised and drooping plant is dear—  
I mean the kind and sympathetic tear !



## XLVIII.

But stop, good Pegasus—you're very frisky,  
And wander much too often from your way :  
You carry not an Irish Muse, whom whiskey  
Has rendered gaddish, volatile, and gay,—  
But a staid English bard not near so brisk :—he  
Moreover trembles, in the present day,  
At those wild caracollings to the skies  
Which former poets used so much to prize.

## XLIX.

I like to trot on in a humble fashion,  
Making my observations now and then  
Without reserve, and also without passion,  
On institutions, incidents, and men :—  
But if at railroad speed the bard will dash on,  
The surface only meets his hurried ken ;  
And neither will the reading world nor he  
Be benefitted by his poetry.

## L.

But mine, I hope, will have a different fate,  
And through a long posterity remain :—  
And therefore I will hasten to relate  
How Juan's letters came at length from Spain,  
With drafts on London at an early date—  
So that he now was wealthy once again :  
But that which seemed especially to win his  
Attention was a note from Donna Inez.

## LI.

Therein the virtuous mother did record

Her fears "that he had grown extravagant,"  
And hinted "that her funds would not afford  
To minister to each improper want ;"  
But said "that if by chance it pleased the Lord  
To take without delay her dear old aunt,  
The family's pecuniary condition  
Would be in a most flourishing position."

## LII.

She begged him "to reflect that all was vanity,  
Vexation too of spirit, in this state ;  
That Eve's transgression upon frail humanity  
Had brought the sorrows of a luckless fate ;  
And that 'twas nothing less than sheer insanity  
For the last illness and death-bed to wait,  
In order to repent him of his sins ;"—  
And then she said "that she had just had twins."

## LIII.

She much commended "his desire to stay  
In foreign lands—and hoped that he would prove  
A chosen vessel of the Lord some day :"—  
She re-assured him "of her tender love,  
But still must think that he was best away,—  
And she would nightly ask the powers above  
To keep their eyes upon him ever beaming :"—  
There she left off "because the twins were screaming."

## LIV.

But she found leisure afterwards to add

“ That Juan’s new papa was not much better  
Than he should be :—indeed, he drove her mad

With his suspicious fits, and would not let her  
Go to the last bull-fight—it was too bad—

Just as if she’d a lover to have met her !  
It really was unhuman—vile—and cruel,  
And to vexation’s furnace added fuel.”

## LV.

But she concluded “ that God’s will be done :—

Still the last carnival was very pretty,  
And she was forced to stop away for one :—

Doubtless the Lord would in his goodness pity  
Her sorrowful condition :—there was none

Else to avenge her in Seville’s vast city ;—  
And it was really terrible to hear  
One of the children squall—the little dear !”

## LVI.

Here terminated this epistle strange ;

And Juan knew not if to laugh or cry ;—  
So he began his toilet to arrange,

Humming meanwhile a mournful melody :  
Then to the city he repaired to change

His drafts for cash ;—and joy flashed in his eye,  
As the huge pile of gold and notes he fingered,  
For which in deep suspense he long had lingered.

## LVII.

To Messieurs Wrench and Wrackem next he hied,  
And counted down before their wondering gaze  
Th' amount for damages and costs beside.—

Christ ! who shall paint their transport and amaze !  
Their mouths like cellar-doors were opened wide—

Their countenances beamed with just such rays  
As wine sheds on the rubicund complexion,  
When all that cash was heaped for their inspection.

## LVIII.

Then Juan hazarded one question :—he

Thought that enough was paid to warrant this ;  
And that his present liberality

Would render such a query not amiss.

“ The Lady Adeline ?—there could not be

A crime in curiosity like his—

At least they would excuse the impropriety ?”—

He waited the response with deep anxiety.

## LIX.

A cloud the elder lawyer's brow came o'er ;

His manners grew embarrassed and appeared  
So changed from the bright aspect which before

Had marked them, that the very worst was feared  
By Juan, who stood trembling more and more,

His heart already by those dark looks seared ;  
And e'en the truth, ere it was told, he read—  
The victim of their mutual crime was dead !

## LX.

She—once the bright, the beautiful, the proud—  
The centre of the fashionable sphere—  
The queen of taste, to whose decree all bowed,—  
She, to admiring relatives so dear—  
The morning star of splendour—'neath the cloud  
Of darkness set :—one short but fatal year  
Witnessed the love, the fall, and the decease  
Of Adeline !—Unto her ashes Peace !

## LXI.

“ Unto her ashes Peace ! ”—And is this all  
That men can say for the departed one ?  
And can no prayers nor lamentations call  
The spirit back ? Ah ! poor ephemeron,  
Doomed in thy prime and joyous youth to fall—  
Destined to yield ere half thy course be done,  
Where are thy glories now ?—instead of them,  
“ Peace to thine ashes ” is thy requiem !

## LXII.

Peace to thine ashes !—Oh ! sleep on in peace ;  
And may the world that judged thee also know  
Peace, if it can. The sorrowing soul's release  
Should check, and not call forth the chrystal flow  
Of tears :—then why repine at the decease  
Of hearts pierced with the iron of earth's woe ?—  
Rather should we rejoice, and bless the day  
When from their sorrows they were borne away !

## LXIII.

Not so thought Juan. Deep was his regret—

Bitter the tears he shed—for ne'er could he  
The image of that tender one forget,

Although another claimed his memory.—

When heart with heart in tenderness has met,

And from the union one gained misery  
Which led to death, the other dare not live  
And not one tear to the departed give !

## LXIV.

E'en the stern lawyers pitied Juan's pain :

He turned away--and, without plan prepense,  
Rushed through the streets, a whirlwind in his brain,  
And in his inmost soul a pang intense ;

For well he knew that he had snapped the chain

Which had linked Adeline with innocence.—

Each lovely flower he breathed upon seemed doomed  
To perish in the bosom it perfumed.

## LXV.

Onwards he rushed—and scarcely touched the ground,

His speed accelerated by the feeling  
Of pain within ; and an unusual sound,

Like the drone's buzzing, in his ears was pealing :  
The objects that he passed seemed dancing round—

Carriages, houses, people, pavement reeling ;  
And he, obedient to an impulse strong  
But undefined, was whirled the streets along.

## LXVI.

'Twas natural in such a state of mind,  
That he should seek his ancient haunts where he  
Excitement suitable was sure to find—  
And that the gaming-house that night should be  
The place where he might deaden feeling—blind  
The Argus-eyes of watchful memory—  
And hush the voice of conscience that within  
Reproached him bitterly for his past sin.

## LXVII.

He played and lost :—ill-fortune only gave  
The obstinacy of a mad despair—  
A bastard courage which makes cowards brave,  
And leads them death in all its shapes to dare.  
Juan's last coin was swallowed in the wave  
Unsated, which engulphed all fortunes there ;  
And when he reached this climax of his woes,  
For the first time he thought of seeking Rose.

## LXVIII.

After a loss at play there are but two  
Plans to adopt—to go straight to the river,  
Or else to bed. The first if you pursue,  
You terminate your miseries for ever ;  
But the last pleases best my moral view,  
Because from life 'tis rather rash to sever,  
Unless you're sure, on leaving this abode,  
Of getting into heaven through some bye-road.



## LXIX.

At any rate, if you repair to bed,  
You'll find it the best place to soothe the sense  
Of desperation, and to calm the head.—  
Oh ! when your agony is most intense,  
When ruin weighs upon the heart like lead,  
And when too late for prayer and penitence,  
How sweet it is to find yourself alone—  
To curse—to weep—to gnash the teeth—and moan !

## LXX.

But, Oh ! to meet a mistress or a wife  
After your loss,—to mark her anxious eye  
Seek for the causes of the mental strife  
Betrayed by your's which flashes fearfully,—  
This, this is probing deep wounds with a knife—  
Heaping new torture upon misery ;—  
This is the same as drinking molten lead  
After being burnt with iron heated red.

## LXXI.

At daybreak Juan reached the cottage. Rose  
Was sleeping softly in a large arm-chair :  
He gazed on her with feelings such as those  
Enjoy, whose bosoms harbour naught like care !  
Forgotten were his agonizing throes—  
He only thought of her who slumbered there ;  
And then it seemed as if an angel stole  
Into the hell of his bewildered soul.

## LXXII.

He gazed—he gazed upon those youthful charms :  
She was so beauteous, smiling in her dreams—  
Like a soft lustre which delights and warms,  
And through the dark cloud of our sorrow gleams.  
He could have caught her in his longing arms—  
He could have wept upon her burning streams ;  
But no—his pride forbade him to display  
His wounded feelings ;—so he turned away.

## LXXIII.

“ All lost ! ” he cried ;—and he began to pace  
The room with hurried steps :—“ Oh ! my brain burns !  
'Tis bad to move about in this small space—  
The sorceress, the wolf, the eagle turns—  
Hell is evoked by turning in one place !  
What shall the poor wretch do whom Fortune spurns ?  
Is it not meet to die when thus he's goaded ? ”—  
But happily his pistols were not loaded.

## LXXIV.

He threw the window open—the fresh breeze  
Of morning fanned his cheek, and from the breast  
Of his young mistress lifted the chemise,  
Revealing beauties which he oft had prest.  
Oh ! 'twas a sight a misanthrope to please—  
Those snowy orbs, each with a rose-bud's crest !  
Fotgotten were his sorrows and alarms—  
With beating heart he caught her in his arms !

## LXXV.

Rose had passed a long day of weariness,  
Impatient of her lover's absence—till  
Anxiety amounted to distress ;  
And, with the apprehension of some ill,  
Despairingly did she her white hands press  
Upon her whiter brow, but could not still  
The agonising throbbings of the brain,  
Nor yet the fountains of her tears restrain.

## LXXVI.

However gentle be the touch, respond  
The chords of woman's heart ;—however slight  
The motion of Affection's magic wand,  
The spell produced is of resistless might.—  
Rose, fearful—tender, tremulous—and fond,  
In tears had passed a portion of the night ;  
Until fatigue, triumphant over care,  
Rocked her to sleep at length in that arm-chair.

## LXXVII.

O Woman ! I am never tired of singing  
Thy praises,—but unto thy favourite bowers  
Would through the live-long day be ever bringing,  
To deck thy soft retreat, earth's fairest flowers.  
To tell thy charms appears to me like stringing  
Pearls, without caring for the lapse of hours :—  
But to enjoy that changeless love of thine,  
Is to know stars which never cease to shine !

## LXXVIII.

Thine eyes can fill a dungeon's gloom with light,  
Thy voice can echoes in the desert raise ;  
Thy smile can make a charnel house seem bright,  
Thy love can turn men's curses into praise ;  
Thy look can warm the blood-chilled anchorite,  
Thy charms can animate the poet's lays ;  
Thy touch can thrill the only chords that linger  
When Death upon the brow has placed his finger.

## LXXIX.

I am a great admirer of the sex,  
And always praise, while other bards abuse it ;  
And if its strand be covered with the wrecks  
Of hearts, let man not hastily accuse it ;  
Else would we put some queries might perplex  
His notions as to how he's wont to use it,  
And show—e'en from the very first beginning—  
That women are more sinned against than sinning.

## LXXX.

If there be wickedness in woman, more  
Lurks in the heart of man ;—and 'tis to me  
A matter which I can't enough deplore,  
That the male sex, in its hypocrisy,  
Should lay all evil at the other's door,  
Pretending that itself would have been free  
From sin, but for Dame Eve's infirmities :—  
The fable is detailed in Genesis.

## LXXXI.

'Tis mean, 'tis cowardly, 'tis vile, 'tis base  
For man (and that it is so he knows well)  
To say that woman brought upon our race  
The toils and sufferings of earth, and hell.  
I extricate myself from the disgrace  
By disbelieving every syllable  
Of that foul calumny which fixes human  
Delinquency and sorrow on poor Woman.

## LXXXII.

O brave and generous-hearted Man ! from you  
How worthy are reproaches against her  
To whom yourself so often are untrue—  
You who first teach her footsteps how to err !  
Shame on thee ! could my verse thy soul imbue  
With half those noble sentiments which stir  
The lofty mind of woman, then would'st thou  
Blot out the calumnies you cling to now.

## LXXXIII.

By night in London town alone there ply  
A hundred thousand prostitutes ;—did they  
Become debased through their own infamy—  
Or, Man, didst thou conduct them on the way ?—  
Speak—does the lesson show how women fly  
To crime—or how false men their hopes betray ?—  
Of all that tribe, whose fame was once so fair,  
Each one, O Man, by thee was hurried there !

## LXXXIV.

Then talk of women's frailty !—First they give  
Their virgin hearts to those they love—by whom  
They find themselves betrayed ;—and if they live,  
'Tis that our instinct shudders at the tomb !  
But though the first shock haply they survive,  
Still does a canker deep prepare their doom,  
And guilty joy's abstraction cannot save  
The broken heart from an untimely grave.

## LXXXV.

And 'tis at those whom they reduced to this  
That men point scornful fingers ;—'tis at them,  
With whom they shared the hour of guilty bliss,  
And from whose brows they snatched the diadem  
Of purity, that they revile and hiss :—  
They pluck the blooming floweret from its stem,  
Revel a moment in its odour sweet,  
Then crush it wantonly beneath their feet.

## LXXXVI.

Say, is this justice ?—Well might Burke exclaim,  
“ The Age of Chivalry is gone !” for now  
Man first ensures confiding woman's shame,  
And then reviles her whom himself brought low.—  
Oh ! ye who should protect fair Woman's fame,  
Press onward to destroy it with a blow ;  
And on that weak and tender being ye  
Heap wrong and insult ;—is this Chivalry ?

## CANTO IV.

## I.

VICTORIA ! shall I dedicate to thee

These varied flowers of my poetic wreath ?  
Or would thine ear, Most Gracious Majesty,  
Illustrious Dame, Defender of the Faith,  
Dread sovereign Potentate of kingdoms three,  
Whose smile near thirty millions bask beneath,  
And come and go, just as your hand may beckon,  
(Besides the colonies, which we won't reckon ; ) —

## II.

Or would thine ear, I say, be shocked at this  
Adventurous song of mine ?—or Bobby Peel  
Persuade you that 'twere very much amiss  
To patronize the poet who can feel  
And speak the truth ?—or would the Duke, with his  
Despotic insolence, your bosom steel  
Against th' advice of those who are your friends,  
Because it suits not with his private ends ?



## III.

'Tis said you have a spirit of your own ;  
    (Most ladies have) : a will too,—(there again  
Amidst the sex you stand not quite alone)—  
    And that your maids of honour to restrain  
When they're too forward and familiar grown,  
    Your royal hand has not been raised in vain,  
And they have felt 'tis made of sterling stuff :—  
I wish you'd give old Wellington a cuff.

## IV.

And p'rhaps while you're about it, it would be  
    As well if the same wholesome discipline  
Were dealt to each one of the Ministry ;—  
    And as it is a feat in which you shine,  
'Twould save the *Morning Chronicle* and me  
    The task of lashing it. The grace divine,  
Beneath whose smile your Majesty exists,  
Has taught you how to use your royal fists.

## V.

But why communicate their electricity  
    Unto the young Field-Marshal ? for they say  
He's skilled in duties of sweet domesticity—  
    A truth which outward signs seem to display.  
Think of his youth—his meekness—and simplicity ;  
    And when your Majesty is angry, pray  
The younger General spare—'twill be much bolder  
And also better to chastise the older.

## VI.

And while I think of it, I would advise

Your Majesty to make the young Field-Marshal  
Go early to his couch, and early rise :—

Should he to lollipops be over partial,  
Allowance him ;—and it were also wise

To make him sleep in night-caps ; and if war shall  
His military skill need o'er the Channel,  
Your Majesty must make him stick to flannel.

## VII.

Thrice happy England, blest with such a general,  
Ready-made ere his manhood had begun !

Let the bells ring, from treble unto tenor all,

To celebrate his conquests—not yet won !—

Albert and Fame ! we'll toast him first, and then her. All

Other commanders by him are out-done :  
E'en Wellington, the “ saviour of the nation,”  
Has not a higher military station.

## VIII.

But to your gracious Majesty it seemed

Good to promote the Prince—and who shall dare  
To question phantasies by sovereigns dreamed,

Especially too, when those sovereigns wear  
The inexpressibles.—What pleasure gleamed

In the eyes of thy subjects, and dull care  
E'en from the workhouse fled, when heaven gave  
Unto thy longing arms a prince so brave !

## IX.

Your Gracious Majesty too condescends  
Most graciously to give us every year  
A gracious pledge that when your own life ends,  
Your dynasty will still most gracious cheer  
The land which on its gracious will depends  
For every gracious boon it hopes for here :—  
Thus does your Gracious Majesty so graciously  
Give us each gracious pledge unostentatiously.

## X.

Good heavens ! what would become of us indeed,  
If your Most Gracious Majesty had not  
By a kind Providence been thus decreed  
To be prolific ?—Happy is our lot  
To have so many babes, in case of need,  
To choose a sovereign from ;—and I, God wot,  
Should prove myself a wanton reprobate, full  
Of treasonable thoughts, were I not grateful.

## XI.

But I am grateful ! When I put my hand  
Into my purse the income-tax to pay,  
I cannot help exclaiming, “ Happy land,  
Which a young lady condescends to sway  
For only half a million sterling ;—and  
Is that not cheap—now, answer me, I pray ?  
Considering all the duties which belong  
Unto the place, the income’s a mere song ! ”

## XII.

And then Prince Albert—thirty thousand pounds  
For pocket-money—really 'tis a trifle !  
It scarcely buys him monkeys, parrots, hounds,  
Clothes, horses, pistol, fowling-piece, and rifle :  
Those vile republicans exceed all bounds,  
And every honourable feeling stifle,  
When they say that a President 's less dear  
With his five thousand pounds or so a-year.

## XIII.

But, Ah ! while of Victoria's court I'm singing,  
What solemn music echoes from the lyre ?  
And wherefore does a passing-bell seem ringing,  
And melancholy thoughts my soul inspire ?  
See where the raven now his flight is winging—  
Hark to the anthem of the funeral choir—  
List to the curfew's note of death-like gloom—  
And drop a tear o'er Flora Hastings' tomb !

## XIV.

Oh ! when the sovereign of this mighty nation  
'Midst crowds admiring in her carriage dashes,  
Each ray of joy which through th' illumination  
Of her heart's happiness so brightly flashes,  
Loses its splendour and its coruscation  
At that heart's core, and darkens into ashes,  
Whene'er the name of Flora, murmured near  
By lips incautious, falls upon her ear.

## XV.

Yes—for she did not stifle scandal's breath,  
And 'mid the spring-tide of her virgin youth  
In female virtue held so little faith,  
That she received suspicion for a truth.—  
But weep not for the victim's early death :  
In life she found not sympathy nor ruth ;  
And were she called to earth again, there'd be  
One angel less in heaven's choristry.

## XVI.

I've heard a horrid and revolting song,  
Sung in as plaintive and as sweet a voice  
As ever mingled earthly tones among,  
Or bade a lover's ears and heart rejoice ;—  
And as the dulcet cadence swept along,  
Laden with language of a hideous choice,  
It seemed to me the slime which the snail throws  
Upon the red leaf of the fragrant rose.

## XVII.

And such is scandal on the courtly lip—  
Such the insidious poison that distilled  
From envious hearts for royalty to sip :  
The aim was too successfully fulfilled !  
The tempest gathered round the lonely ship ;  
The storm raged on—for so its ruler willed ;  
And all that talent or that beauty decked,  
'Spite of the Pilot Innocence, was wrecked.

## XVIII.

But now enough of this. The *Morning Post*,  
 (Likening her Majesty to Juggernaut)\*  
 Says that, if she required it, a whole host  
 Of her most faithful subjects could be brought  
 To throw themselves beneath her wheels—a boast  
 Which, although hyperbolic, must be thought  
 A new refinement upon insolence,  
 Revolting to our dignity and sense.

## XIX.

And I suppose the same ephemeris  
 Whose flattery pleases royalty so well,  
 Will seize an opportunity like this  
 To vent its spite on one who dares to tell  
 Truths which great people always take amiss :—  
 No doubt its critique will be terrible :  
 But never mind—'twill serve p'rhaps for a puff ;—  
 As to reviews I am already tough.

\* Upon the occasion of one of the numerous attempts at assassination which have been made upon Queen Victoria, the *Morning Post* actually declared in a leading article, that if it were any consolation to her Majesty, her loving subjects would throw themselves beneath her carriage-wheels in her progress through the land ! A more execrable piece of flattery could not be invented.

## XX.

If I to sovereigns at all bowed down,  
I'd worship one like him who decked his brow  
With laurels that at length became a crown  
To which the monarchs of the earth bent low.  
'Twere pardonable to tremble at the frown  
Of him who levelled armies with a blow :  
'Twere natural to gaze with dazzled eyes  
On him who ruled all Europe's destinies.

## XXI.

Napoleon ! thou wast Emperor—and more,  
For thou thine empire for thyself didst make :  
From the Atlantic to the Red Sea's shore  
Didst thou the earth with conquering legions shake.  
Although thy progress lay through fields of gore,  
'Twas thine the yoke of tyrant-kings to break ;—  
And, though by thee young Freedom's flags were furled,  
Still didst thou liberate one half the world.

## XXII.

Those thrones deep in the miseries encrusted  
Of suffering people, were cast down by thee :—  
Those sceptres with the blood of victims rusted  
Were wrested from the hands of tyranny ;  
And these were to thy valiant chiefs entrusted  
That they might make the nations great and free :  
But, Ah ! though laurels waved above each brow,  
How few possessed such rectitude as thou !



## XXIII.

Man of the Roman mind, thy giant sway  
Was broken on the field of Waterloo !  
Oh ! where were all thy gallant chiefs that day—  
Those kings by thee upreared !—Alas ! how few  
Shared the fidelity of brave Desaix !  
Had all been like thy veteran phalanx true,  
Thou would'st have come the victor from the field—  
“ The Old Guard dies, but it can never yield !” \*

## XXIV.

In ancient times when Titan scaled high heaven,  
The gods fled terror-stricken from before  
The arm by which their thunder-bolts were riven  
In twain, and rendered terrible no more ;  
Till by united force the foe was driven  
Back from the height which he had triumphed o'er ;  
And they, who erst had trembled at his shock,  
Condemned him to the vulture, chain, and rock.

## XXV.

Thou wast the Titan of the modern world :  
Naught could withstand the fury of thy war  
Against earth's demigods ;—thy flags unfurled  
Spread terror, scattering all their hosts afar.  
At length by holy leagues thou too wast hurled  
From high Olympus,—and the guiding star  
Which long upon thy destiny did smile,  
At length stood o'er Saint Helen's distant isle.

\* “ La Vieille Garde meurt, mais ne rend pas.”

## XXVI.

But now in glory thou dost rest for ever

“ Amongst the French, whom thou didst love so well :”\*

No hand will e’er disturb thine ashes—never

Will mortal desecrate the spot where dwell

Remains from which not even Death could sever

That dread respect and awe invincible—

That admiration joined with anxious fear,

Which waited on thy name when thou wast here.

## XXVII.

Oft do I linger in the Place Vendôme

To gaze upon the Column, till it seems

As if the sounds of martial music come

From its dark entrails, and the whole air teems

With roar of battle and the beat of drum ;—

And then, before me, in those wild day-dreams,

I mark the war-steeds thundering o’er the plain,

View the assault of death, and count the slain.

## XXVIII.

Not in the Invalides should they have laid

The ashes of Napoleon ;—but the base

Of the high Column which his glory made,

Should be th’ imperial hero’s resting place.

\* Then might some pilgrim in his hand have weighed

Those last few atoms which are all the trace

Of him whose eagle glance alone subdued

And struck with awe the gazing multitude.

\* Napoleon frequently expressed his desire, while at Saint Helena, “to be interred amongst the French whom he loved so well.”

## XXIX.

Pride—glory—power,—the tomb has taken them :  
Jena—Marengo—Austerlitz—Arcole  
Have left behind no state, nor diadem  
For an inheritor of his great soul.  
Of every conquest the refulgent gem  
Adorns a crown which a base tyrant stole \*  
From a confiding nation, on that day  
When Charles the Tenth from Cherbourg fled away.

## XXX.

But I'm afraid that I am prolix growing ;—  
Yet when I get upon a favourite theme,  
I can't prevent my "grey goose-quill" from flowing ;  
And stanza follows stanza in a stream.  
My heart beats rapidly, my cheek is glowing,  
My eyes flash with enthusiastic gleam,  
Whene'er I think of him whose lofty name  
Eclipses Jenghis Khan or Cæsar's fame.

## XXXI.

Yes—it eclipsed them both, but not outshone  
The lustrous eyes of my sweet heroine,  
When, waking from her dreams, she gazed upon  
Him who a truant the whole day had been.  
He then related all that he had done  
Without allusion unto Adeline ;  
And at the narrative of his disaster,  
The tears ran down her cheeks faster and faster.

\* Louis Philippe promised Lafayette and the heroes of 1830, that his should be a throne surrounded by republican institutions. How well he has kept his word, France now can testify !

## XXXII.

At length, when pillowed on his bosom, she  
Revealed the causes of her deep distress :—  
“ And am I then again condemned to be  
Denied the choicest boon of happiness  
Which you and heaven could now confer on me ?  
Dost think that as thy wife I’d love thee less ?—  
Ah ! Juan—rather to my heart would flow  
That confidence which now I cannot know !

## XXXIII.

“ I mean not confidence in thee—but in  
Myself,—a feeling that there is a tie  
Hallowing our loves, and cleansing of its sin  
A heart which now is unprepared to die.  
Oh ! there are moments when my soul within  
By thought is tortured to an agony  
Bordering on madness ;—thou alone can’st save  
My spirit from despair’s untimely grave.

## XXXIV.

“ If thou art poor, no matter—I will toil  
To earn our daily bread :—I can paint flowers—  
Knit and embroider too—and should not spoil  
My eyes with needle-work until late hours.  
Believe me that together we might foil,  
By the due exercise of our joint powers,  
Th’ advance of poverty :—no—I alone  
Would work—to thee such hardship is unknown !

## XXXV.

“ Delay not then my happiness ! Thou art  
The sole protector that I now can claim :  
To thee was freely given my young heart—  
And thou art too the guardian of my fame.  
Oh ! wert thou from thy promise to depart,  
Death could alone conceal and end my shame :—  
But, Juan, to thy sympathy I feel  
That never Rose will fruitlessly appeal.

## XXXVI.

“ Remember that no parent’s love have I—  
No mother’s tenderness—no father’s care :  
Ah ! never could my orphan destiny  
By thee be doomed to sorrow and despair.  
If thine heart feel like mine, then every sigh,  
And every cause of anguish seated there—  
As well as those emotions which can melt  
With softness—must be mutually felt.”

## XXXVII.

Thus having spoke, she strained him to her breast :  
Over her brow the long—the shining hair  
He parted,—and, caressing and carest,  
By words and tender dalliance soothed her care.  
And at that moment who more truly blest  
Than that young—beautiful—and loving pair ?  
Their woes were buried in a bliss elysian,  
And sorrow seemed an unsubstantial vision.

## XXXVIII.

Alas ! in life how soon is joy succeeded

By tears—as April sunshine yields to rain :  
And in those hours when comfort most is needed,  
The anxious heart may seek for it in vain.

The garden of existence scarce is weeded,  
When noxious plants and nettles spring again ;  
And e'en their growth more flourishing appears  
When they are watered copiously with tears.

## XXXIX.

Juan rose with a resolution strong

To take immediate measures to repair,  
By aid of holy priest, th' unwitting wrong  
Which he had done unto his mistress fair.—

What sweet emotions at that instant throng  
His heart—what soothing pleasure harbours there !  
His is the joy which noble bosoms feel  
When hastening wounds, which they have caused, to heal !

## XL.

But at his agent's in the City he

Found a huge pile of letters, come from Russia,—  
Enough to call back to his memory

Those scenes the thoughts of which alone might flush a  
Less modest countenance than his could be ;—

And while upon his cheek they raised the blush, a  
Contrast was pictured in his mind between  
His gentle Rose and the Muscovian Queen.



## XLI.

Reader ! thou would'st not have it here related  
In set and formal terms, how Juan's mind  
In Rose's favour quickly terminated  
That strange comparison.—Oh ! dull and blind  
Were he who for a moment hesitated  
Between those characters so well defined—  
The one so mild and delicately tender,  
The other all licentiousness and splendour.

## XLII.

The letters were official which Don Juan  
Received, and anxiously began to read ;  
And to his great surprise, ere he got through one,  
He found that he to Paris must proceed  
On an affair important though a new one,  
Without a single hour's delay :—indeed,  
A second document was so much stronger,  
He dared not hesitate a moment longer.

## XLIII.

A third despatch contained an order on  
A London banker for “ the one thing needful ”—  
Not prayers—for courts waste little time upon  
Those articles, although they have a creed full ;  
But cash—the means that make their envoys run,  
And of the value of each hour be heedful ;—  
And Catherine was never slow to stump as  
Much coin as would her favourite schemes encompass.



## XLIV.

Juan repaired to the West End to rally  
His servants, lately scattered all abroad ;  
And Secretaries, Major-Domo, Valet  
Speedily gathered round their much-loved lord :  
Then forth in all directions did they sally,  
To make, as well as their haste would afford,  
Each little necessary preparation  
For an excursion to the neighbouring nation.

## LXV

Meantime our hero hastened back to Rose,  
And broke the dismal news to her, that he,  
Bound by a will he dared not to oppose,  
Must leave that night, at morn to cross the sea.—  
And now what deep despair her pale cheek shows—  
Her eye denotes a mortal agony :  
Her lips apart no sigh nor sob deliver,  
But, as if 'neath Death's fingers, feebly quiver.

## XLVI.

“ Ah ! Rose, we separate but for a time :  
A month—and I shall be with thee again :—  
And, Oh ! believe the pleasures of that clime  
To which I speed, may tempt me all in vain.  
To thee, beloved one, never shall the crime  
Of faithlessness impart a moment's pain :  
Sooner the life-blood from my heart should pour  
Than I neglect the being I adore.”—

## XLVII.

“ Juan, if I am half so dear as thou  
Would'st have me think, then leave me not behind !  
Here as I stand—Ah ! see me kneeling now—  
A posture better suited to my mind,  
And p'rhaps to my condition,—hear my vow—  
I swear by heaven I feel myself resigned  
To be thy slave—thy servant—so that I  
Am not left here to sorrow and to die !”—

## XLVIII.

“ Rose, every word you utter, in my heart  
Plants a fresh dagger ! Calm this deep distress :  
Thinks't thou that I rejoice from thee to part,  
Or than thyself endure one pang the less ?  
Let us not aggravate afflictions' smart,  
Nor multiply the springs of wretchedness :—  
Wert thou to journey with me, evermore  
Woulds't thou th' effects of that false step deplore.

## XLIX.

“ Thy reputation is more dear to me,  
Thy name more necessary to uphold,  
Than at this moment they may seem to thee :  
And thou, sweet girl, although at present bold  
To dare the world, would be the first to see  
And feel its scornful glance and manner cold.  
A few short weeks alone must pass away  
Ere thou wilt smile upon our bridal day !

## L.

“ Then urge not thy desire—which, heaven well knows,  
Is not less shared by me : renounce the thought  
To be my journey’s partner and expose  
Thyself to scorn, for bliss so dearly bought !  
Ah ! that were only courting future woes  
That some immediate solace might be sought ;  
Pledging thy future happiness to gain  
A moment’ry relief from present pain.”

## LI.

Rose threw herself upon his bosom weeping,  
And murm’ring acquiescence : the big tears  
Deluged her dark blue eyes, like dew-drops steeping  
The early violets, when Spring appears  
Like a fair maiden from a curtain peeping.—  
But, Ah ! what words now fall upon her ears,  
As Juan strains her to his beating heart—  
“ Beloved one, the moment’s come to part !”

## LII.

To leave the land which saw your infant day.  
And traverse climes—an exile from your own ;  
To mark the distant shores recede away,  
Where all your early dreams of bliss had flown ;—  
Can you, as thus your footsteps farther stray,  
And you a wanderer on the earth—alone,—  
Can you observe the fading land behind,  
-And feel no inward pang oppress your mind ?

## LIII.

If this be grief, then double is the sting  
Contingent to the parting of true love :—  
Oh ! long did the despairing fond one cling  
On Juan's anxious breast—then glance above,  
As if to waft a prayer upon the wing  
Of that lorn look, the powers of heaven to move  
The pangs of that farewell to mitigate,  
And to protect her lover's future fate.

## LIV.

Oh ! if there really be a paradise,  
And if its heavenly nature but allow  
Angels to feel the force of woman's eyes,  
And mark the anguish seated on her brow,—  
Then haply might their tenderest sympathies  
Yield to that lorn and lovely one who now  
Clings to the neck of him from whom to part  
Is to tear out the fibres of her heart.

## LV.

At length the moment of distress was past,  
And in another Rose was left alone.  
Why had those latter moments ebbed so fast ?  
An instant he was there—and then was gone !  
Ah ! load of grief for that young soul too vast—  
The worst of all the ills she yet had known ;  
Enough to crush existence, and consign  
The spirit back unto its source divine !

## LVI.

But it is seldom that young people die  
Of grief ;—at least I know that I am tough,  
And not yet thirty years of age ;—so I  
Laugh at your broken-hearts and such like stuff.  
Yet I've had many things my soul to try,  
And of misfortunes have seen quite enough ;—  
But that which I have grieved most deeply for  
Is the neglect of my Aunt Mrs. Orr.

## LVII.

She was the favourite sister of my mother,  
And dwelt with her : the feeling seemed sincere  
And permanent that linked them to each other ;—  
But it was quenched upon my parent's bier.  
Thus could that sister's heart so calmly smother  
Her love for those who were left orphans here—  
I mean my brother and myself ;—but I  
Despise such conduct—so I will not cry.

## LVIII.

May she of whom I write, enjoy the wealth  
(Some of it should be mine) that she possesses :—  
I also wish her the amount of health  
So seldom known by those whom Plutus blesses ;—  
And if she now and then would give, by stealth,  
A pound for her own brother's deep distresses,  
'Twould be as well ;—for me I'd starve much rather  
Than take her alms :—but now I'll go no farther ;—

## LIX.

I mean in this sketch of my relative.—

I am not altogether one of those  
Who, spaniel-like, can forget and forgive,  
Or hold out t' other cheek to have both blows.  
If on such terms all people were to live,  
The sameness would be sickening—for our foes  
Create excitement, whether by the war  
Of tongues, of fists, of battle, or of law.

## LX.

Hurrah ! then, for our enemies ! We may  
Toast them with as much reason as our friends :  
Cash is the line of demarcation they  
Both draw, where enmity or friendship ends.  
The only difference, then, lies in the way  
In which each path unto that limit tends :—  
Our foes to rob us openly will labour,  
While friendship is a coin to cheat one's neighbour.

## LXI.

And when I think of all the cash I lost  
In France, may I be——no, I will not swear !  
'Twas quite enough in Paris to be crossed  
By Fortune, without getting doomed elsewhere.  
Of all men injured I'm perchance the most,—  
But still I never yielded to despair ;  
And having just dined off some nice roast beef,  
A glass of sherry is a great relief.

## XLII.

It puts me in good humour with mankind—

The very world that has made sport of me :—

I wrote about my aunt before I'd dined ;

But as the verse is written, let it be :

Nor can I say that I am now inclined

To blot it from my page. Humanity

(By which I mean frail human nature) proves

A pleasure in revenge, e'en where it loves.

## LXIII.

Meantime our hero's carriage onwards goes

To Dover ;—and wrapt up in meditation

He ponders on his loved and faithful Rose

With much regret, but still more admiration :

He wishes she were with him—then he throws

A glance on her peculiar situation,

Remembering that it would his rank disparage

Were he to have a mistress in his carriage.

## LXIV.

At dawn he entered Dover, where he found

That he was doomed to meet with some delay,

For there was not a single vessel bound

To Calais or Boulogne until next day ;

And though his major-domo went the round

Of every sloop that in the harbour lay,

To tempt the captains with the hope of gain,

His strenuous endeavours all were vain.



## LXV.

So Juan, calling patience to his aid,  
Strolled out to view the town and ocean-scene,  
And Queen Anne's pocket-pistol which is said  
A ball to carry unto Calais' green ; \*—  
And then along the beach he slowly strayed,  
When the day yielded to a night serene ;  
And still he wandered on the lonely strand,  
The nature-given rampart of the land.

## LXVI.

Yes—night has spread her sable wing abroad,  
And the bright moon shines sweetly o'er the deep ;—  
Lorn Solitude reclines upon the sward,  
And all the flowers of Spring are rocked in sleep :  
Mute Nature seems by silence over-awed—  
The garden and the grove in chrystal weep ;  
And the tall tree bends slowly to the wind,  
Like virgin o'er her lover's tomb reclined.

## LXVII.

Now all is hushed except the ocean's sound,  
Or revelry that bids soft slumber fly ;—  
Now all is silent on the cliffs around ;  
And balmy rest has closed the sailor's eye,  
To dream of riches in his sleep profound,  
And wake at morn to the reality  
Of all that poverty and lot distressed  
Which were forgotten in his hours of rest.

\* The following words are put into the cannon's mouth :—

“ Load me well and keep me clean,

And I'll carry a ball to Calais-green.”

## LXVIII.

Now ocean murmurs gently on the shore,  
 Afraid to harm the silence of the night ;—  
Now Cynthia plays upon the ripples hoar ;  
 And now the stars, with penetrating light,  
Make heaven appear a curtain studded o'er  
 Its velvet folds with myriad diamonds bright :—  
Worthy the region infinite they grace,  
Those worlds delight to show their radiant face !

## LXIX.

The deep, the fathomless, th' eternal sea  
 Speaks with a thousand voices to the soul :  
It sweetly smiles in its tranquillity,  
 And mocks when its infuriate billows roll.  
It tells of roving pleasures to the free,  
 Hardships and toil to those beneath controul,  
And echoes, trumpet-tongued, the victor's song  
When gallant navies move its breast along.

## LXX.

The ocean, too, has morals of its own,  
 Imaging with its hues life's phases ever ;  
First when the golden flood of sun-light 's thrown  
 Upon its surface, or when moon-beams quiver :  
Again—when darkness on its breast comes down,  
 Or when the lightning-shafts the dun clouds sever ;  
Or when, o'er sunken rocks, its hues are green—  
Or, in th' horizon, azure and serene.

## LXXI.

Thou hast within thy depths, O mighty sea !  
To deck the brow of monarchs the bright gem ;  
And groves of rich red coral that should be  
The poet's theme, for him to sing of them ;—  
The treasures too of many an argosy,  
And pearls to place in Beauty's diadem.  
What countless lives and riches in thy womb,  
Destructive element, have found a tomb !

## LXXII.

Juan stood on the ocean's verge—his eyes  
Towards the cloudless queen of night up-bent :  
He watched her passage in those star-lit skies,  
Until it seemed that on the firmament  
He read the course of his own destinies ;  
And then a pang unto his heart's core went :—  
Ah ! might he not one single day have given  
To have espoused his Rose in sight of heaven ?

## LXXIII.

Then thus he spoke aloud :—" By you I swear,  
Sweet planet of the night—and every star—  
That seem the eyes of heaven gazing there  
On him who now adjures ye from afar,—  
By ye, attesting thus, I vow that ere  
My falsehood or inconstancy should mar  
The happiness of Rose, I'd rather meet  
Death in the waters rippling at my feet !"

## LXXIV.

He ceased—and from his heart escaped a sigh :—

'Twas echoed near him—and a rustling sound  
Of garments and of hurried footsteps nigh

Caused him to start and quickly gaze around.  
Fleet as the lightning-flash, his eagle eye

Beheld a figure skimming o'er the ground  
Scarce twenty paces off ;—a moment more  
And Juan stood alone upon the shore.

## LXXV.

So transient was the glimpse that he had caught  
Of this form evanescent, that his brain,  
Though to romance by love and moon-light wrought,  
Could no definitive idea retain.

But haply 'twas a spirit that had sought

The fatal spot where to the treacherous main  
A life had been the tribute ?—No—that sigh  
Savoured too much of weak mortality !

## LXXVI.

Harassed by undefinable alarms,

Knowing not what he dreaded—yet afraid,  
Like the young infant in a stranger's arms—

He left the beach, and sought the esplanade.\*  
No longer in his eyes the scene had charms,

Nor to survey it were his footsteps stayed ;  
But, as if urged by something terrible,  
He hurried on till he gained his hotel.

\* The Marine Parade.

## LXXVII.

But punch and supper are two glorious things  
To drive away one's terrors—and wax-lights  
Are seldom flapped out by a goblin's wings,  
That sort of gentry patronising nights  
On which no artificial lustre flings  
A glare unwelcome ;—so the ghost-seer writes  
From ages immemorial—and each nurse  
Will the same fact to listening youth rehearse.

## LXXVIII.

And so by dint of wax-lights without number,  
Juan was able to keep off the ghost—  
And—more than that—to fall into a slumber  
As sound (the phrase is usual) as a post.  
No hideous dream nor night-mare did encumber  
His sleep—but of fair visions a whole host  
Seemed to protect and smile on his repose,  
Wherein he thought that he was still with Rose.

## LXXIX.

And morning dawned upon the wide expanse  
Of sea,—the sun shone forth in glory bright ;  
His radiance did the loveliness enhance  
Of Nature all around ; the shades of night  
Melted in mists, like spectres, at his glance,  
Or as a maiden's sorrow at the sight  
Of him she loves ;—the grove renewed its glee,  
And all was life, light, joy, and harmony.

## LXXX.

And now for Calais—London's Botany Bay,  
 To which all gentlemen in debt repair,  
 Sent by their ruthless creditors to stay  
 A season for a little change of air :  
 The prison in that town until this day  
 Retains the name of Hotel d' Angleterre ;  
 And many a swell who Bond Street once astounded  
 For years has been in Calais gaol impounded.

## LXXXI.

Juan proceeded to th' Hotel Bourbon,  
 And there partook of a select *diner*.  
*Rix a la Turque* and *purée aux croutons*,  
*Cotelette sauce piquante* and *poulet truffé* ;  
 Then *vol-au-vent de veau aux champignons*,  
*Gelée d' orange* and *omelette vanillée* ;  
 Washed down with Chateau-Margeaux and the best  
 Old Kirschenwasser to make all digest.

## LXXXII.

Out with post-horses—quick ! milor has dined  
*En prince*—and has discharged his “ little bill ”  
 Also *en prince*,—and now milor shall find  
 Horses that never boggle at a hill :  
 Faith ! they can fly as rapid as the wind  
 (Six miles an hour !) obedient to the will  
 Of a Jehu whose person seems encased  
 In boots that come up almost to his waist.

## LXXXIII.

Away, away ! at Boulogne in four hours

Juan alights to supper ; and next morn  
He comes in sight of Beauvais' Gothic towers :

Around, green woods and verdant groves adorn  
The valley—and the crystal water pours

Its murmuring current, which is onward borne  
Past many a hall where wealth and beauty gleam—  
Those lordly chateaux of the old *regime* !

## LXXXIV.

Now on to Paris !—'Twas when Sol was flinging

His last bright beams from the refulgent west  
Upon those thousand towers in which were ringing

The vesper-bells—and the religious prest  
Unto the sacred fanes, the incense bringing

Of their unfeigned devotion as the best  
And purest offering which could be given  
By those deluded souls unto their heaven :—

## LXXXV.

'Twas at that hour when on the Boulevards meet

The rank and charms of the metropolis,  
To eat their ices and their friends to greet,

And sometimes with their eyes to *look* a kiss ;  
When honied syllables and glances sweet

Promise th' enjoyment of another bliss,  
As soon as opportunity and night  
Combine to favour the supreme delight :—



## LXXXVI.

'Twas at that hour so tranquil and serene  
 When Paris from a myriad dwellings pours  
 Its thousands forth beneath the foliage green  
 Of the Elysian Fields ;\*—and at the doors  
 Of *restaurants* the merry groups are seen ;  
 Or through the windows, on th' elastic floors,  
 The eye may mark the bounding dancers move,  
 Their glances fraught with pleasure and with love :—

## LXXXVII.

'Twas at that hour when o'er the pavement dashed,  
 Amidst the crowd of the Faubourg Montmartre,  
 Our hero's carriage : the postilions lashed  
 Their horses, as they threaded with great art  
 (Where English coachmen would the whole have smashed)  
 Their way amongst the maze of coach and cart,  
 Public and private vehicle—along  
 The busy scene and animated throng.

## LXXXVIII.

Our traveller's course now down the Boulevards lay,  
 Where all was laughter, bustle, and delight ;  
 Till the magnificent Rue de la Paix  
 Revealed the Place Vendome unto his sight :  
 Thence he passed to the Rue Saint Honoré,  
 Where shops with wealth of every kind were bright ;  
 And in that street the carriage stopped before  
 Meurice's famed and hospitable door.†

\* Les Champs Elysees.

† The Hotel Meurice was then in the Rue Saint Honore ; it is now in the Rue de Rivoli.

## LXXXIX.

Paris was then a Pandemonium

In which all those fierce spirits agitated,  
From whose destroying genius was to come

The fiat by which Kings and Priests were fated  
Alike to fall, and share a common doom,

Till by a new revulsion reinstated.—

We soon shall have the same proceedings here,  
If Peel should stay in but another year.

## XC.

In seventeen hundred and ninety-two,\*

(June was the month) our hero, as declared,  
Reached Paris. 'Twas a furnace then of new

And powerful intellects—of men prepared  
Thrones to demolish—aye, and altars too,

So that no single remnant might be spared  
Of that antique society whose knell  
The voice of Mirabeau had rung so well.

\* In order to arrive at the correctness of this date, it is necessary for the reader to refer to certain details in the last few cantos of Lord Byron's "Don Juan." Ismael was taken in 1790: Juan then remained some time at the court of the Empress Catherine, previous to his journey to England. It was, then, in the summer of 1791 that he visited Norman Abbey, where he is left by the noble author above mentioned. The incidents already related in the "Sequel to Don Juan" occupy the interval until June 1792.

## XCI.

Boundless was the profusion of the Court :

The beautiful but most licentious Queen  
Made the distresses of the realm her sport,  
And silly Louis dared not intervene ;  
For in a moment she would cut him short

With, " I am now what I have ever been,  
And ever will be—destined to command."—  
She raised the guillotine with her own hand !

## XCII.

He was a weak but well-designing man,

Henpecked and cuckold—but contented under  
His abject state ; wavering with each new plan ;  
Cradled in storms, and yet afraid of thunder ;  
Accustomed a fresh Minister to scan

With grateful admiration and with wonder,  
As being the only medium of salvation  
Unto himself, his sceptre, and the nation.

## XCIII.

His countenance ignoble indicated

A natural servility of soul ;  
His awkward manners ne'er ingratiated

A human heart, nor exercised controul.  
With good intentions only, he was fated

To launch his bark where troubled waters roll ;  
But neither skill nor constancy had he  
To brave the perils of that stormy sea.

## XCIV.

The vices of his predecessors too  
Weighed heavily upon the crown he wore :  
Had he been brave, experienced, wise, and true,  
It was too late its lustre to restore.  
The Queen's licentiousness served to renew  
Those bitter feelings which were formed before ;  
And France avenged whole centuries of ill  
Upon that man of vacillating will.

## XCV.

There was an evil custom at that time—  
A fashion by the Queen most likely set,  
And therefore not regarded as a crime,—  
That every married dame should have a pet,  
Or lover (but the first word suits my rhyme ;)  
And husbands then beheld without regret  
Their wives each with a *cavalier servente*—  
(Josephine de la Pagèrie had twenty.)\*

\* Josephine was very gay and dissipated. Her intrigues led to a misunderstanding with her first husband, Count de Beauharnais ; and the tribunals were appealed to. A reconciliation was however effected. After the execution of her husband, she indulged in all the pleasures of that most dissipated age and city ; and eventually became the mistress of Barras, the Revolutionary Minister of War. She then married Napoleon Bonaparte.

## XCVI.

If female virtue then were known, at least  
'Twas not respected ;—and when we remember  
That upon naked bosoms eyes might feast  
At will, it was enough to warm December : \*  
The ladies too so airily were drest  
As to display the contours of each member ;  
And their voluptuous charms, so ill-concealed,  
Were by the very drapery revealed.

## XCVII.

The women of that age too seemed to gain  
From their licentiousness, augmented charms :—  
Christ ! who could gaze upon the royal train,  
Survey their heaving breasts and snowy arms,  
Observe the proud blood swelling in each vein  
With new emotions—pleasure or alarms,—  
And not admit that there was much excuse  
If morals in those times were somewhat loose ?

## XCVIII.

Never was wit more brilliant—never shone  
The Attic genius of an age so bright :  
Birth, beauty, talent circled round the throne,  
A galaxy of transcendental light.  
Fair woman forged the chains that sate upon  
Alike the prince, the noble, and the knight ;  
And aristocracy appeared to prove  
No other trammels than a Court of Love.

\* Ladies wore their dresses so low at the period of which we are writing, that more than the hemicycles of the bosoms was entirely exposed.

## XCIX.

But all around a suffering nation lay  
In chains of iron, wrought by tyrant hand ;  
A pampered clergy fed from day to day  
Upon the very vitals of the land ;  
While Marat, Danton, and Dumouriez  
Already saw th' approaching storm, and planned  
That rescue from the grasp of despot power  
Which raised the guillotine in fatal hour.

## C.

Yes—all the luxury, the pomp, the pride  
And the frivolity of many a year,  
With powder, patches, heels, and much beside  
That in my modest verse may not appear,  
Were verging towards their fall :—but ere they died,  
And terminated thus their long career,  
They shone as never they before had shone  
At Versailles or the Little Trianon.\*

## CI.

And Juan reached the capital of France  
In time to see the last blow strike the crown :—  
Those *petits soupers*—scenes of elegance  
And wit, that filled a world with their renown,  
Were cheered no more by beauty's sparkling glance ;  
But danger and mistrust appeared to frown  
About the palace—and the Queen alone  
Felt not the ominous quaking of the throne.

\* The favourite palaces of the Royal Family at that time. The gardens of the Trianon are spacious and beautifully laid out : they contain cottages, cascades, saloons, temples, a theatre, and the famous Corinthian Bower of Love.

## CII.

And thou, too, Genius of voluptuous dancing,  
Parent of gauzy and transparent dresses,  
Who left no scope for fancy's sweet romancing,  
And gave no opportunity for guesses ;  
But, with white thighs beneath the muslin glancing,  
And breasts not e'en concealed by flowing tresses,  
Didst rule the gilded *salons* of the court,—  
Thou too wast banished from thine old resort !

## CIII.

And then the glorious trade of go-between\*  
Went, like the occupation of Othello ;  
And many a lovely Countess of nineteen,  
Or stately Marchioness, grown somewhat mellow ;  
Or Duchess, who a beauty once had been,  
Deplored the loss each of her “ pretty fellow ;”  
And the old procuresses grew as pale  
As Bass's celebrated Indian ale.†

\* To so shameless and disgusting a pitch had vice and dissipation arrived in the time of Louis the Sixteenth, that the trade or calling of *Procureuse*, or *Entremetteuse*, was a most lucrative one ; and even dowager ladies of title and antiquated demireps, when no longer able to sin on their own account, busied themselves by acting the parts of “ go-between,” or confidant, and setting others sinning. Madame De la Motte's disgraceful affair of the necklace was illustrative of one of the many branches in which the business of *Entremetteuse* was profitably exercised.

† See the advertisements in the Newspapers respecting “ Bass's celebrated India Pale Ale.”



## CIV.

All was alarm, suspicion, and mistrust,  
When Juan went to Paris. Ancient things  
Of every kind were crumbling into dust,  
For France at length was wearied of her Kings :—  
The burgher's sword from idleness and rust—  
A sheath ignoble ever—quickly springs ;  
And “ To the Royal Palace !” is the cry,  
Mingled with shouts of “ France !” and “ Liberty !”

## CV.

'Tis June the Twentieth. Every body knows  
That at the Tuileries upon this day  
There were exchanged some very serious blows :—  
The people of the faubourgs\* forced their way  
Into the palace, whither, to oppose  
The military drawn up in array,  
Field-pieces on their shoulders they did bring,  
And in this jaunty manner sought the King.

## CVI.

Egad ! it was a pleasant sight to see  
A timid monarch and so strange a levee—  
The people walking with a step as free  
And light as if the cannon were not heavy,  
Or etiquette a something which should be  
Regarded by the independent bevy :—  
The palace of the Tuileries has been  
Of many a strange vicissitude the scene !

\* Chiefly of the faubourgs Saint Antoine and Saint Marceau.

## CVII.

There were a few—a very few—who still  
Were faithful to the royal cause ; and these  
Soon raised the cry that crowds had flocked to kill  
The hapless monarch in the Tuileries.  
The words made every vein in Juan thrill ;  
And his first generous impulse was to seize  
His weapon, and command his household straight  
To follow him unto the palace-gate.

## CVIII.

Juan, whose soul was fire and fearlessness,  
Into the Place Carrousel led his band :—  
There were some gallant youths of the *noblesse*  
Who also thither hurried sword in hand ;  
And when they saw our hero onward press,  
As if he were in earnest with his brand,  
They joined him ; and then all together bore  
Their way unto the palace' private door.

## CIX.

But here they met resistance : ten stout chaps  
Held them in parley, till at length cross words  
Increased to menaces, and led to raps,  
And an appeal was made unto their swords.  
Juan fought like a tiger—and perhaps  
His valour also fired the young French lords,  
Who well sustained th' assault which he began ;  
And in a minute each had pinked his man.

## CX.

But from the palace poured a flood of those  
Who ere now sought admission to the King ;  
And on our little squad a shower of blows  
-From musket and from sword began to ring.—  
Through many a grisly gash the red blood flows ;  
And Juan, overpowered, falls weltering  
And senseless in the sanguinary tide  
That streams in torrents from his wounded side.

## CXI.

Hours pass, and he unconscious of their flight !—  
He wakes at length—where is he ? Stretched upon  
A couch ;—and there are others left and right,  
Also with occupants. The morning sun  
Is veiled by dingy curtains from the sight ;—  
But through the rents some straggling beams have won  
Their way into the spacious room, and glance  
On many a pale and ghastly countenance.

## CXII.

And softly through the vast apartment glide  
Females, whose dark blue gowns sweep on the floor :  
Black veils—with which some few their faces hide—  
Float in funereal fold their shoulders o'er :  
Around their waists long strings of beads are tied,  
That symbol of the faith which they adore ;  
And in their hands medicaments they bear,  
Or cooling drinks which they themselves prepare.

## CXIII.

Over the sick they bend, as if the weak  
And wasted forms were those of dear relations :  
And from the world no recompense they seek,  
No guerdon for their pious occupations.  
Kindly they act—complacently they speak,  
With cheerfulness pursue their avocations,  
And to the wounded body or the heart  
Their healing influence alike impart.

## CXIV.

These were the good “ Sisters of Charity,”  
And ’twas a hospital where Juan lay.—  
Long was it ere unto his memory  
Came the events of the preceding day ;  
And then he learnt that it perchance would be  
Some weeks before ’twere safe to move away ;—  
“ But,” added his informant, in a tone  
Of sweetness, “ all attention should be shown.”

## CXV.

The Sister, who gave this assurance, wore  
Her veil upon her face ; and though the eye  
Of Juan sought behind it to explore,  
Naught of the countenance could he espy.  
And not alone her head the crape was o’er ;  
Shoulders and neck it shrouded carefully,  
As if she were most anxious to conceal  
Charms which in nuns ’twere sinful to reveal.

## CXVI.

And when she spoke, 'twas in a voice so low  
And so subdued, the sense he scarcely caught  
Of the few words that from her lips did flow ;—  
And when by signs (he could not speak) he sought  
Some details of the late affray to know,  
She shook her head : nor could she e'en be brought,  
During the time she tended him, to say  
One single syllable save “Yea” and “Nay.”

## CXVII.

Nor did she ever draw the veil aside,  
Which seemed fixed o'er her face just like Mokanna's.\*  
Juan knew not if shame, disgust, or pride  
Retained it there, but thought 'twas not good manners ;  
And sometimes he displeasure could not hide  
Upon his face, when he essayed to scan her's ;  
And then all her attentions were redoubled  
As if she were by his impatience troubled.

## CXVIII.

And by her form he judged that she was young ;  
For it had all the beauty of contour  
Possessed by youth alone. The veil, though flung  
Over her features, served but to allure  
Imagination's wings to sport among  
Fancy's bright fairy realms ;—and he felt sure  
That a sweet figure's symmetry and grace  
Could not be coupled to an ugly face.

\* See Moore's “ Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.”

## CXIX.

Then in a pleasing reverie he'd sink,  
And dream the charms he thought that she must wear ;  
A cheek whereon the downy peach's pink  
Struggled against the lily's hue so fair ;  
Luxuriant ringlets waving on the brink  
Of blushes born beneath that beauteous hair ;  
Lips like the rose ; and eyes of violet hue,  
Lighted by twin-drops of the diamond dew !

## CXX.

And when his mental portraiture was done,  
With his soul's eyes he'd gaze on it until  
He felt his heart by its soft witchery won,  
And every pulse and nerve with pleasure thrill :  
Till from the point whence they had first begun,  
His thoughts would change—almost against his will,  
So that 'twould seem at length that he beheld  
His Rose in her who was so deeply veiled.

## CXXI.

And oft-times this idea so powerful grew  
That he would fix his eyes upon that crape,  
Forgetting that his glance could not pierce through,  
And in his fancy Rose's features shape  
As the ones at that moment hid from view ;—  
And at this vision, deep sighs would escape  
His anxious breast—sighs which he sometimes thought  
From the Veiled Sister's lips an echo caught.

## CXXII.

Thus did our hero's busy thoughts supply  
An occupation, so that time ne'er hung  
Heavily on his hands :—and when his eye  
Grew bright again, and in his veins the young  
Blood once more circulated rapidly—

Then the first word that trembled from his tongue,  
The first his pale and quivering lips could frame,  
Whispering scarce audibly, was Rose's name.

## CXXIII.

'Twere hard to say how that sweet syllable,  
When falling on the Sisters's ear, should be  
Thrilling like the enchanter's magic spell ;  
But the dark veil trembled exceedingly ;—  
And for a moment her fair fingers fell

Upon his hand, with touch so light that he  
Scarce felt the pressure soft :—he said no more ;  
And she grew still and pensive as before.

## CXXIV.

From that day forth he gathered strength apace ;—

The languor of disease abandoned him ;  
The rose returned unto his pallid face ;

His eyes regained their lustre, lately dim :  
And when he left his couch for a short space,

He scarcely felt unsteadiness of limb ;  
But being anxious a long fast to break  
Clamoured for Burgundy and a beef-steak.



## CXXV.

For three long months had he an inmate been  
    (Sweet reader, tremble not) of God's Hotel :  
Spite of its name, it often is the scene  
    Of agonies which rather smack of hell ;  
For there Death's servitors, pale, gaunt, and lean,  
    Palsy, Consumption, Fever, Dropsy dwell ;  
But it is in a charitable view  
That Frenchmen always call it " Hotel Dieu." \*

## CXXVI.

'Twas now September. Twelve short weeks were gone—  
    But not in idleness had they been past :  
Around lay all the ruins of the throne—  
    Sceptre and orb upon the footway cast ;  
The work of ages in a day undone,  
    The regal mantle trodden on at last ;  
The populace in power—a King in chains—  
And altars broken in their sacred fanes.

\* The name generally given to Hospitals in France. The one here alluded to is that situate in the immediate vicinity of Notre Dame, and which, in the time of Louis the Sixteenth, was so crowded with patients that orders were issued to build five new hospitals in different parts of Paris.

## CXXVII.

Now thundered forth the bloody eloquence  
Of Marat asking heads, as they had been  
Apples—and with an earnestness intense  
Craving new victims for the guillotine.\*  
And thither go rank, beauty, innocence,  
Fore-runners of their monarch and their queen :—  
Frenchmen, ye sought for liberty and won  
Slavery :—the Reign of Terror had begun !

## CXXVIII.

Oh ! better far the Bastille—better still  
The arbitrary sceptre of one hand,  
Than an obedience to the hellish will  
Of Marat, Danton, and their demon-band :  
Better one monarch armed with power to kill,  
Than hundreds flourishing the naked brand :  
Better have kept all that so late had been  
Than crush the throne to raise the guillotine !

\* Marat in his journal actually demanded 270,000 heads ; and when he was accused of the circumstance in the Convention, he savagely replied that he should call for as many more if they were not granted.

## CXXIX.

The Reign of Terror had begun ! The dread  
Demon that mocked alike the populace  
And sovereigns, trampled 'neath his iron tread  
The rights of both—and e'en in Freedom's face  
Laughed tauntingly, as she the parchment spread  
To which her hand was vainly set to trace  
The heaven-born word "REPUBLIC." She aghast  
Shrank back—though she will triumph at the last !

## CXXX.

All those of noble birth, or they who claimed  
Relationship with nobles,—those allied  
To refugees for royal attachment famed,—  
Of aristocracy the flower and pride,—  
And even those who dared to be ashamed  
That Freedom's hands with France's blood were dyed,—  
Alike the guilty and the innocent,  
With the suspected, to the scaffold went.

## CXXXI.

The Revolutionary Tribunal knew  
That Juan was a royalist in heart :  
And therefore when he convalescent grew,  
And to his own abode would fain depart,  
Orders were issued to the Hotel Dieu  
That he should be sent in the prison-cart  
Unto the Luxembourg, till a debate  
In council might decide his future fate.

## CXXXII.

Juan received the mandate with a mind  
Prepared to meet extremities, and show  
That gallant spirits, to all fates resigned,  
Can never grovelling fear in peril know.  
And, Ah ! if for a moment he repined  
That tyrants doomed his blood in youth to flow,  
'Twas not that for himself his soul could melt,  
But for his unprotected Rose he felt.

## CXXXIII.

And ere he left the hospital, around  
He sought for the Veiled Sister, to express  
Those feelings which in grateful hearts abound,  
Implanted by sweet solace in distress :  
But she no longer at her post was found—  
And wherefore she was absent none could guess ;—  
A pang shot through his heart—he knew not why—  
And moisture for a moment dimmed his eye.

## CXXXIV.

And then ashamed this weakness to display,  
The tear-drop he dashed off—suppressed the sigh  
That rose within his breast,—and turned away  
From that abode of sickness, hurriedly.—  
A hospital exchanged in the same day  
For the gloom of a prison, and none nigh  
To breathe a word of solace in his ear,—  
Surely this destiny was too severe !

CXXXV.

Here rest we for a space again. The Muses  
 Grow wearied with perpetually supplying  
 Draughts of the spring that from Parnassus oozes ;  
 And Pegasus can not be always flying.  
 The bard, moreover, who the courser uses,  
 Will find that he is rather fond of shying :  
 At least, I know I very often slip—  
 But I'm not skilled in such-like horsemanship.

CXXXVI.

I've said before that I'm a modest bard,  
 Without pretension, and without conceit ;—  
 And finding present times a little hard,  
 Having moreover a few bills to meet ;  
 Also experiencing a great regard  
 For him of whom my epic verses treat,  
 I left off writing novels, and began  
 The present poem on its present plan.

CXXXVII.

Three volume-novels are going out of fashion ;  
 Diaries are o'er done—travels wo'nt do ;—  
 Colburn and Bently are in quite a passion,  
 And don't know what to turn attention to :  
 Therefore my poem, reader, will come smash on  
 A public crying out for something new ;  
 And I—e'en keeping fancy within bounds—  
 Am sure to net at least a thousand pounds.

## CXXXVIII.

And now, most courteous reader, now Farewell !

After a pause I will pursue my song,  
And in a page or two resume my shell ;

For incidents by crowds already throng  
In my imagination, which to tell

Will shortly be my business,—and I long  
To mount my Pegasus once more—then trill I on  
Like Mainzer with his singing for the million.

END OF CANTO THE FOURTH.

## CANTO V.

## I.

Clio inspires my song ! Let none abuse her,  
For she is History's Goddess—and 'tis mine  
As guardian of Canto the Fifth to choose her,  
And sing beneath her influence divine.—  
Within his office the Public Accuser  
Was seated, sipping Saint Emilion wine,  
And conning briefs—for Fouquier-Tinville's task  
Was for the heads of all proscribed to ask.

## II.

He was a short, fat, red-faced man —his eyes  
Were small, but piercing ;—on his lip there curled  
A smile that spoke of legal mysteries,  
And cruelty to devastate a world.  
His glances seemed to take you by surprise,  
As if some hand the veil abruptly furled  
Up from before your thoughts, and laid them bare  
Unto that snake-like fascinating stare.



## III.

A creature of the Revolution—not

One of the Revolution's masters—he  
Was formed for low device and legal plot,  
And claiming heads with technicality.  
Where all was foul, he was the foulest blot  
Upon that fearful page of history ;  
For he was but the base and grovelling tool  
Of men determined in their hellish rule.

## IV.

Yes—Fouquier-Tinville in his office sate :

Before him lay a catalogue of those  
To whom his dreaded voice was that of fate ;—  
But in his iron heart no tender throes  
Taught him their portion to commiserate.

Calmly he pondered on the thousand woes  
Beneath which France was languishing :—to him  
Vainly were turned her eyes, with weeping dim.

## V.

The Public Minister had just got through

Half of his bottle, and half of his brief—  
Points where 'twas pardonable if he grew  
Fatigued and sought a temporary relief  
In a good supper. With a relish true

He fell alike on mutton and on beef ;  
And then—no doubt to make his memory clearer—  
He washed it all down with some old Madeira.

## VI.

Then lolling backwards in his easy chair,  
He counted on his fingers, one by one,  
'Those victims who were destined to repair,  
To death with the first beam of morning's sun.  
Long was the list—and he appeared to wear  
A smile of satisfaction when 'twas done—  
Just such a smile as on the face we read  
Of him who does a charitable deed.

## VII.

'Twas while wrapt up in pleasing contemplation  
Of all the business he had done that day,  
And mentally surveying the whole nation  
To mark the ruins which around him lay,  
That on a sudden a slight agitation  
About the door-latch drew his eyes that way ;  
The portal opened slowly—and he there  
Beheld a lady, young and passing fair.

## VIII.

Her form matured was still of sylphid lightness ;  
Her eyes were as the Persian Iris blue ;  
Her cheeks were wet with tears of diamond brightness ;  
Her lips were of the coral's richest hue ;  
Her neck eclipsed the marble for its whiteness ;  
Her locks were glossy, as if moist with dew ;  
And though despair were pictured on her face,  
Her gestures were all dignity and grace.

## IX.

She was arrayed in white—a fit attire  
For her that as a suppliant came to him  
Who gazed upon her beauties with desire  
Filling his eyes unto the very brim.  
Her flowing drapery only fanned that fire,  
Shaping her perfect bust and well-formed limb ;—  
And she, although indignant at his glance,  
Still resolutely towards him did advance.

## X.

Then, when she reached the spot where he was placed,  
Upon her knees she fell—and the big tears  
So quickly down her cheeks each other chased,  
And her young bosom heaved so with its fears,  
That for a moment sympathy was traced  
E'en on that countenance o'er which long years  
Had rolled without evoking from the lip  
One smile bestowed on human fellowship.

## XI.

She knelt, and towards him raised her tearful eyes ;—  
Her arms, with the hands joined, hung languidly  
Before her—and the sobs and heart-wrung sighs  
Convulsed her bosom, like the stormy sea,  
When from its fathomless abyss uprise  
Volcanic fires, forcing a passage free  
Through waters rolling many a fathom deep  
O'er where the bursting craters used to sleep.

## XII.

'Twas Venus kneeling unto Bacchus then :

Had there a Flaxman or Canova been  
To take *her* as a beauteous specimen,  
More soft, more lovely than the Cnidian queen—  
And *him*, the most abhorrent of all men,—  
Oh ! what a glorious work of art were seen ;  
In contrast and in passion more sublime  
Than aught yet rescued from the hand of time.

## XIII.

The Public Prosecutor took her hand,  
Exclaiming—" Rise, and speak thy wishes ! I  
May scarce refuse what must be a command  
When said by lips like thine. How—no reply ?  
Pardon me, damsel, if I understand  
No gilded words of gentle courtesy.  
A rough republican, I yet can feel  
E'en those emotions which force *you* to kneel."—

## XIV.

" Then there is hope ! And thou art not as they  
Would have me think—the ruthless man of blood !  
Oh ! should'st thou grant the boon I ask to-day,  
Tears of repentance, in no niggard flood,  
Shall wipe those evil thoughts of thee away !"—  
She ceased—she rose—and motionless she stood  
Before the man in whose ferocious mind  
Pity no longer she despaired to find.

## XV.

“ Damsel, my duties in this troubled time  
Conciliate but few—for few can know  
The difference between justice and crime,  
When the regenerators strike a blow.  
'Tis to raise France up to a height sublime  
That on the scaffold tides of blood must flow ;  
And with a baptism of red gore do we  
Thus consecrate the shrine of Liberty !

## XVI.

“ Think'st thou it is to gratify a lust  
Of blood that hundreds are sent forth to die ?  
No—'tis th' unequal balance to adjust  
Between the people's rights and tyranny !—  
My name, when I am mouldering in the dust,  
Will win the praises of posterity :  
But, damsel, ages still must pass away  
Ere men view rightly what is done to-day.

## XVII.

“ This principle of justice we proclaim—  
The few should fall to benefit the mass ;  
And they who still adhere unto the name  
Of Monarchy must to the scaffold pass.  
Old steel 's re-polished by ordeals of flame—  
And blood must purify the despot class  
Whose tyranny, like an avenging brand,  
Has scattered desolation o'er the land.”\*

\* It is asserted by many French writers that Robespierre (one of the “ regenerators” alluded to in the text) was in reality of a merciful and humane disposition, correct in

## XVIII.

This torrent of demoniac argument  
Fell on the lady's ear, like the simoom  
On him whose steps are o'er the desert bent,  
And who in sight of safety finds a tomb.—  
Those words like daggers to her bosom went ;  
Hope fled—and on her face a fearful gloom  
Spread rapidly :—she thought she heard the knell  
Of one she loved too tenderly and well !

his private life, and a man of the strictest probity and honour. Let not the reader imagine that we would attempt here to justify the enormities of which he was the author, or the terrible measures which he sanctioned ; we merely wish to record our sentiments relative to the motives of this diabolical conduct. We maintain that Robespierre acted not from an innate love of cruelty and bloodshed, but from a conviction that the happiness of his country was only to be ensured by the death of all those who were likely to oppose the principles of a complete revolution and the establishment of a purely republican government. He was a mistaken man ; and he doubtless shuddered at the horrible alternative which he deemed himself compelled to adopt. But he could not persuade himself that France could be rendered happy unless the very roots of aristocracy were exterminated : and under this impression he consigned thousands to the scaffold. In order to regenerate his native land, he considered it necessary to cut off the seniors of the existing generation, and prepare the way for a new race whose ideas should be only those of republicanism and universal equality. He thought it proper to sacrifice the lives of a comparative few, in order to ensure the felicity of the millions ; and it was with these views that he kept the axe of the guillotine incessantly at work. He performed the disagreeable duty of a patriot, according to his own ideas, and chastened the country the happiness of which he fondly deemed himself called upon to establish upon a solid foundation. It cannot be said that a love of gain or any exalted ideas of ambition or self-aggrandizement urged him thus to act ; and when we see that he pursued so strange a path without being influenced by any of those motives which generally excite men to slaughter or to crime, we must look for the causes in another direction. We find them in conscientious, disinterested, but miserably mistaken views ; and we find also that a man of a naturally humane disposition, became, by the force of idiosyncratic convictions, the most sanguinary tyrant that ever deluged a country with the blood of its citizens.

## XIX.

“Damsel, what ails thee? Say thy cause of woe!”—

Again he took her hand, which he ere now  
Had left; and then a deep and sudden glow  
Suffused her cheeks in purple, and her brow.  
’Twas pride that bade those burning torrents flow  
Unto her face—and ’twas a solemn vow  
That sent her, nerved to meet all danger there,  
Insult, reproach, or even death to dare.

## XX.

“Citizen, thou hast told me that the sword  
Of justice falls without reserve on those  
Who dare to own a monarch as their lord,  
And treat his enemies as common foes:  
How then can I implore thee to accord  
Mercy to one who ventured to oppose  
The populace, when they repaired to seize,  
Last June, the sovereign in the Tuileries?”—

## XXI.

“The name of the delinquent?”—“He is none  
Of France’s offspring; but the sister-land  
Trans-Pyrenean claims him as her son,  
And Russian interests his care demand.  
This day he to the Luxembourg has gone.”—  
“Enough!” and the Accuser waved his hand  
Impatiently: “I know for whom you plead;  
’Tis vain—his destiny’s ere now decreed!”



## XXII.

The lady had been tranquil when she spoke,  
Subduing passions anxious to rebel :  
But now, as if abruptly she awoke  
From a deep trance within the narrow shell,  
Forth in an agonising shriek she broke,  
So loud—so long—so wild—so terrible,  
That the Accuser trembled—and his eye  
Glanced on her with a strange uncertainty.

## XXIII.

He knew not if to banter or respect—  
If to be angry or conciliate :  
One moment he was ready to reject  
The boon she sought ;—and then her piteous state  
Induced him for a moment to reflect :  
And when he marked her bosom palpitate  
With agony, as now again she knelt,  
That stern Republican compunction felt !

## XXIV.

“ Mercy ! ” she cried, and grasped th’ Accuser’s hand,  
Loathed now no more : “ in mercy hear my prayer !  
One syllable from thee is a command  
That rash but brave and generous youth to spare.  
Oh ! he is young to die, sir—he has planned  
For future years so many a project fair,  
’Twere hard to cut him short—’twere cruel to give  
The mandate which proclaims, ‘ *He cannot live !* ’

## XXV.

“ Oh ! no !—it were impossible to say  
To one so youthful, ‘ *The Tomb yawns for thee !*’  
No—he must flourish still for many a day,  
The beautiful—the kind—the brave—the free !  
Those features must not yet return to clay,  
Nor close the eyes that have shone bright on me.  
Oh ! no—it is impossible ! I rave—  
He is not destined for an early grave !

## XXVI.

“ Say, sir—for thou hast power—he shall not die !  
Say that he yet shall be restored to those  
Who love him !—By the God that rules on high,  
Thee I adjure—and He all secrets knows—  
Do not that useless deed of cruelty !  
Spare him—and take the life of her who throws  
Herself upon thy mercy !—Hear my prayer :  
Heavens ! does it want an effort, then, *to spare ?*

## XXVII.

“ Oh ! didst thou come to me and ask the life  
Of my most bitter enemy—didst thou  
Seek to redeem from the avenging knife  
E’en those who cause such grief as rends me now,—  
Not for one moment would my passion’s strife  
Sway my resolve ; but cheerfully I’d bow  
To the dictates of mercy !—Once again,  
Let *me* not ask for mercy, then, in vain !”

## XXVIII.

The lady's supplication ceased ;—but she  
Gazed on th' Accuser's face, as the young lamb  
Looks upward to its butcher timidly.

He answered, " Damsel, thinkest thou I am  
Possessed of power to alter the decree

Of those who raised yon sacred oriflamme,  
Which, Efreedom's symbol, waves its ample wings  
Over the halls of France's forty Kings ?"—

## XXIX.

" Yes—thou hast power to pardon and to kill :

Thy words the council's resolution sway.  
This youth's existence hangs upon thy will—

Thy pleasure pardons, or thy mandates slay.  
But thou would's't not inflict this grievous ill :

Ere now I marked a beam of pity play  
Upon thy countenance. Oh ! to my heart  
Let not that beam delusive hopes impart ?"—

## XXX.

" Maiden, thou pleadest well the cause of one

Doubtless to thee as dear as in his cell  
Unto the captive is the glorious sun,

Or to the Arab wanderer the well.  
Sooth, I could love thee, too, as he has done,

And would risk honours, fame, and wealth to dwell  
In thy sweet memory :—'twere e'en worth while  
A life to give for one day of thy smile.

## XXXI.

“ Say, damsel, dost thou ask me now to spare  
The one to whom thou hast devoted charms  
With earthly beauty far beyond compare,  
While I, to clasp thee in my longing arms,  
Would venture every hope of heaven—and dare  
That hell with threat of which the priest alarms  
Weak-minded man ? Can such a love as this  
Restore a rival to the envied bliss ?”—

## XXXII.

“ Again,” the lady cried, “ in mercy save  
The life I ask—and never more on me  
Shall his love beam on this side of the grave :  
Save him—and then I will be all to thee  
That I have been to him ! The boon I crave,  
Although procured by mine own infamy,  
Will dissipate some portion of the gloom  
That hangs upon my soul, and bless my tomb !”

## XXXIII.

Like the hyæna’s, when he marks his prey,  
The eyes of Tinville in their orbits rolled :  
The lady felt her courage ebb away  
Beneath that glance licentious, fierce, and bold.  
As if a snake coiled up before her lay,  
The blood seemed in her veins to circle cold ;—  
And when th’ Accuser pressed her hand, she thought  
That in a demon’s fiery grasp ’twas caught.

## XXXIV.

But, Oh ! her Spartan mind was nerved to bear  
All this, and more—for she had vowed to earn  
Her lover's grace, though she were forced to dare  
Death—or that worse than death for which we spurn  
Poor fallen woman. Ever the most fair  
Is doomed unto the destiny most stern !  
For Fate appears with greatest care to cull,  
To be plucked first, the flowers most beautiful !

## XXXV.

“ To-morrow, damsel, if it still should please  
Thy phantasy to save the Spaniard, stray  
Amidst the gardens of the Tuileries :  
I'll meet thee on the terrace at mid-day.  
Meantime, thy bosom may remain at ease  
For him—he's safe ! Should'st thou the traitress play,  
Hope naught of me—for he shall surely die !”—  
Th' Accuser waved his hand to bar reply.

## XXXVI.

They parted thus.—Upon th' ethereal deep,  
As forth into the night the lady went,  
The very moon and stars appeared to weep,  
Though her own heart was filled with ravishment.  
Ah ! why should she the path of honour keep,  
And why determine to be innocent,  
When she must be the sacrifice to save  
Him whom she loved from an untimely grave ?

## XXXVII.

Know ye a Grecian virtue more sublime  
Than this alacrity to plunge in guilt ?—  
Go, search amid the annals of past time—  
Ages when blood was in profusion spilt,  
And e'en when suicide was not a crime,\*—  
Go, ransack ancient history as thou wilt,—  
Vain will those efforts be—thou shalt not find  
A grander proof of woman's noble mind !

## XXXVIII.

Zenobia, led in triumph and enchained,  
Although a vanquished, still a haughty prize,  
When wooed by Tadmor's conqueror,† disdained  
The Roman crown, with honour's sacrifice.  
Lucretia, when her chastity was stained,  
Sought death before her outraged husband's eyes.  
Thus one loved honour better than a throne—  
The other could not live when it was gone !

\* The Romans did not consider suicide to be a crime.

† The Emperor Aurelian conquered Palmyra, and dragged the lovely huntress-queen to grace his triumph to Rome. He offered her his hand ; but that high-souled woman disdained the homage of the robber's heart—she spurned the offer of her conqueror's crown. Despoiled of her kingdom, she lived a dignified matron, unsubdued in mind, although denied all external honours, save, indeed, the homage of the gallant-hearted.

## XXXIX.

How dear was honour, then, to both ! But she  
Of whom we write, held, in comparison  
With the existence and security  
Of the much-loved though too neglectful one,  
Her honour as mere dross. Yet it might be  
That she would also have refused a throne  
Sooner than wed where Love preferred no claim,—  
Or died to vindicate her ravished fame !

## XL.

Yet there will not be wanting prudes to say  
That woman ne'er is justified to yield  
Her honour—no, not e'en to turn away  
The shafts of death from parents, or to shield  
Her tender offspring !—Gently there, I pray,  
Good moralists : the arguments ye wield  
Are based upon those narrow views which find  
A ready patron in each little mind.

## XLI.

O Prudery ! like Charity, thou art  
For a whole host of sins the covering :  
Ever a hypocrite, thou play'st thy part—  
A snake coiled up beneath Religion's wing !  
Thou hast the poisoned tongue, the envious heart,  
And lust as hot as the Icelandic spring  
Beneath a frozen aspect :—Oh ! to thee  
How many a demirep bows down the knee !



## XLII.

Prudes, who love pleasures stolen—therefore sweet—  
And who in private practice what they blame  
Before the world—shrink back whene'er they meet  
A member of the sisterhood of sname.  
They spurn the hapless wanderer of the street,  
Declare that contact sullies their own fame,  
Avoid the air she breathes, and will not see  
Extenuation for her infamy.

## XLIII.

Say, ye who thus condemn the guilty fair  
That sells her charms for bread beneath a stern  
Necessity—and loathes her life of care,  
Miscalled a life of joy ;—say, ye who spurn  
That shamed and trembling creature—why repair  
To view expensive harlots nimbly turn  
In some lascivious dance before a crowd—  
Why smile so gracious, and applaud so loud ?

## XLIV.

Why dwell in raptures on the witching song  
Flowing from lips where the adulterous kiss  
Is gathered—or whose blandishments belong  
To him whose gold can best afford the bliss ?—  
Say, to the Thespian temples do ye throng  
To crush th' immodest actress with a hiss—  
Or to encourage in her path of shame  
The woman who has earned a harlot's name ?

## XLV.

Ah ! Prudery—like Prejudice—you strain  
At gnats, and swallow camels ! I'm afraid  
That all my fine discussions are in vain,  
And reformation will be long delayed ;—  
For Prudery 's a garment which, 'tis plain,  
Suits the unfaithful wife and sour old maid—  
The first to hide her flirtings with her lover,  
The next the motives of her spleen to cover.

## XLVI.

If there be anything that I detest  
More than another, 'tis hypocrisy :—  
France is the nation which I love the best,  
For from that vice 'tis altogether free.  
French married ladies—it must be confest—  
Are p'rhaps no better than they ought to be ;  
But still they are not base enough to bask  
In Pleasure's smile beneath Religion's mask.

## XLVII.

And, by the way—when I reflect—if e'er  
The ladies of our upper classes should  
Before a Bow-Street Magistrate repair  
Upon a charge of being much too good,  
I'd gladly be their bail to meet elsewhere  
The accusation—certain that they stood  
On the safe side, and never could be found  
Guilty upon such an unlikely ground.

## XLVIII.

Ah ! Ladies Blessington and Canterbury !

Though ye are not received into society  
By such as Ladies Peel and Londonderry,

Ye need not mourn your little impropriety,  
But simply that 'twas not concealed. I very

Much think that those who gain most notoriety  
Are the best samples of the aristocracy,  
Because they veil not sin beneath hypocrisy.

## XLIX.

Ah ! could some fairy draw the veil aside

The mysteries of the boudoir to reveal—  
Lay bare the crimes that silken curtains hide—

And show the vice that palace-walls conceal,—  
How on her seat of all complacent pride

Would many a haughty English beauty reel ;  
And many a peeress and distinguished dame  
Sink overwhelmed beneath a weight of shame !

## L.

Yes—that which is but mere conjecture now

Would turn to damning certainty,—and where  
Innocence seemed to crown the lofty brow,

The heart would prove the seat of guilt and care !  
Pause ere the English peeress you endow

At the expence of Gallia's daughter fair ;  
And when you curl your lip at France in scorn,  
Think of the names of Tollemache and of Strachan.

## LI.

Holland, Sykes, Norton, Paget, Heaviside  
 Are names as well associated with  
 Love's scandal, as vulgarity and pride  
 With citizens whose names are Jones or Smith.—  
 Reader, I am not wont my thoughts to hide,  
 But give you all—the marrow and the pith ;  
 And if you find my strictures somewhat hard,  
 Remember—I'm an independant bard !

## LII.

Awoke the many-voiced and babbling day ;  
 Smiled the bright sun upon the Tuileries ;  
 And on the chrystal fountain glanced its ray :—  
 The birds sang blythely in the orange trees ;—  
 And from the fragrant flowers exhaled away  
 The tears of Night, which in their chalices  
 Athirst they gathered during the brief reign  
 Of chaste Diana on th' ethereal plain.

## LIII.

It was a day of heaven's unclouded blue,  
 And Nature all her mellowest tints displayed :  
 The kiss of the soft zephyr seemed to woo  
 The leaves that broke the sun-light with their shade ;—  
 And children's prattle in each avenue  
 A music like the voice of streamlets made :  
 The very sentinel appeared to say,  
 “'Twere sin to work the guillotine to-day !”

## LIV.

At the appointed hour the lady came,

Resigned and calm like Jephthah's votive daughter :  
Her brow, flushed not with anger nor with shame,  
Was placid as a lake's unruffled water :

The lightness of her step seemed to proclaim

It was a cheerful task that thither brought her ;  
And in her dark blue eyes appeared to meet  
A galaxy of thoughts serene and sweet.

## LV.

The most delicious odours did exhale

From the rich tresses of her shining hair :  
Over her bosom flowed the snowy veil,  
And envious hid the ivory beauties there ;—  
And if her damask cheek appeared more pale

Than it was wont, still did she seem the fair  
Embodiment of all things beautiful—

A lovely flower for such a wretch to cull !

## LVI.

She moved along, light as the graceful deer,

Seeming to tread the air, and not the ground ;  
And when the Public Minister drew near,  
Her voice, mellifluous as music's sound,  
Was low, and soft, and tremulously clear ;

And for a moment, by her glance spell-bound,  
He stood, the prey of a remorseful feeling,  
And almost ready to address her kneeling.

## LVII.

But, stifling in his heart that sentiment,—  
 For evil men crush virtues 'neath the heel  
 As they would trample reptiles,—and intent  
 Upon the lust he sought not to conceal,  
 His glances on the lady's form he bent,  
 And with those searching eyes essayed to steal  
 A glimpse of the white bosom, round, and swelling  
 With the emotions that therein were dwelling.

## LVIII.

Urged by instinctive modesty, she drew  
 Her shawl around her ;—and th' Accuser gave  
 His arm to lead her down the avenue  
 On either side of which the green trees wave,  
 But still leave open the unrivalled view  
 To where, in honour of her warriors brave,  
 Gallia has built that grand Triumphal Gate\*—  
 Worthy the deeds 'tis to commemorate !

## LIX.

In silence down the avenue they passed,  
 And entered from the gardens on that square  
 Whose name has changed so often—till at last  
 “ Place de la Concorde ” 'tis decreed to bear.†  
 Then, in the midst of that arena vast,  
 Towering—a hideous omen—in the air,  
 With axe reflecting back the sun-light sheen,  
 In all its horrors stood the guillotine !

\* La Barriere de L'Etoile.

† This splendid arena, in which the Obelisk of Luxor now stands upon the very spot where the guillotine was erected in the time of the Revolution, has borne at different times the several names of Place Louis Quatorze, Place Louis Quinze, Place Louis Seize, Place de la Revolution, and Place de la Concorde.

## LX.

“ Oh ! why this path ? ” exclaimed the trembling fair,  
As she pressed closer to th’ Accuser’s side,  
While her sweet countenance appeared to wear  
A look of horror which she could not hide.  
No—for her courage was not nerved to bear  
Aught save the sacrifice of her own pride,  
To meet which she had duly trained her will—  
But, when alarmed, she was a woman still !

## LXI.

“ Oh ! why this path ? why seek this way ? ” she said,  
Her limbs all trembling, and her glances wild :  
Contemptuously th’ Accuser shook his head,  
Looked upward to the guillotine, and smiled :  
Then nearer to the fatal spot he led  
His horror-struck companion :—“ Silly child !  
Would’st thou not view that passport to the grave,  
From which to-day your lover’s life you save ? ”

## LXII.

Those words restored her courage—and again  
Her countenance grew tranquil and serene ;  
While the Accuser, in a horrid strain  
Of humour, eulogised the guillotine ;—  
“ Which poured forth floods of gore, as clouds their rain,  
To fertilise the soil where late had been  
Naught save rank weeds, but whose new vegetation  
Thus nurtured would be useful to the nation.



## LXIII.

“ And there is One,” said he, and grimly smiled,  
“ Whose feet have hitherto on velvet trod,  
Whose head has e’er reposed on cushions piled,  
And who has swayed the sceptre of a god,—  
He too,” he added with a frenzy wild—  
“ He, who once ruled the nation with his nod”—  
His voice sank to a whisper—“ shall be seen  
Upon the scaffold of yon guillotine !” \*—

## LXIV.

“ Thou wouldst’t not crown the measure of thy guilt  
With such a sacrifice !” the lady cried ;  
And her cheek paled, as if, before her spilt,  
Gushed from the regal corse the crimson tide.—  
Th’ Accuser answered, “ Cavil as thou wilt  
Against such policy, th’ inhuman pride  
Of Kings must fall, and an example be  
Afforded unto all posterity.”

## LXV.

The lady, with a purpose of her own  
To serve—though horror-struck at what she heard,  
Delivered also in a threatening tone—  
Restrained her feelings, nor replied a word ;  
But her heart fluttered with a fear unknown,  
Like that which seizes on the timid bird  
Caught in the rude grasp of the falconer—  
While the Accuser fixed his eyes on her :—

\* Louis the Sixteenth.

## LXVI.

“ Nor shall *his* blood alone, to expiate  
The crimes of all his ancestors, be shed ;  
But his licentious queen\* shall share the fate  
Which *she* has drawn on *his* devoted head !  
We will prepare them a befitting state :  
To yonder eminence shall they be led,  
'Midst crowds of freemen thronging on the way  
With shouts to welcome that triumphant day !”

## LXVII.

The lady shuddered—and he said no more ;  
For now in the Faubourg Saint Honoré  
They stopped a modest *restaurant* before :  
And, after glancing up and down the way,  
He hurried the fair dame the threshold o'er  
Into a private chamber, where the ray  
Of the hot sun was kept out by a blind  
Which still admitted the refreshing wind.

## LXVIII.

Yes, thou, O Zephyr—that canst win thy way  
Into Love's mystic bowers, to fan the cheek  
Of Beauty heated with her amorous play—  
Thou that dost waft the words which lovers speak,  
Sport with their sighs, 'midst their embraces stray,  
And echoes in their billing kisses seek—  
Thou that dost wander over forms so fair,  
And mingle with love's incense,—thou wast there !

\* Marie Antoinette.

## LXIX.

And thou too, Silence—handmaid of desire,  
Mysterious influence that stealeth o'er  
The soul, like the soft music of a lyre,  
Or ocean's gentle murmur on the shore,—  
Thou that doth hopes and fairy dreams inspire,  
And aid imagination's wings to soar  
To realms of glory,—thou too didst maintain  
In that apartment thy secluded reign!

## LXX.

A slight repast was served—and Fouquier ate  
In silence—and his eager eye kept moving  
Quickly between the lady and his plate,—  
'Twere hard to say which glance appeared more loving!  
And she seemed inwardly to meditate,  
While o'er her charms his lustful looks were roving :  
But not a single morsel passed her lip—  
Nor deigned she of the generous wine to sip.

## LXXI.

An hour was spent—and not a syllable  
Broke that strange silence. Had some Genius cast,  
In mercy, on them both some magic spell?—  
Suddenly o'er th' Accuser's face there passed  
A gleam—'twere hard to say of heaven or hell,  
Until he spoke ;—and then, while tears fell fast  
Over her cheeks, like rain upon the peach,  
To her astonished ears thus flowed his speech :—

## LXXII.

“ Damsel, thy beauty is thy best defence ;  
Nor I—not even I—will hurt thee !—Go—  
For worlds I would not harm thine innocence,  
Nor for one moment’s pleasure seal thy woe !  
And blame me not, when thou art far from hence :  
Borne onward by my passion’s torrent-flow,  
I doomed thee for my victim ;—but ’tis past—  
And honour, duty sway my soul at last !

## LXXIII.

“ Thou hast a mind too noble for this sphere  
Sublunary ! I were a wretch indeed  
To call upon thy cheek a single tear,  
Or make thy generous heart, sweet damsel, bleed.  
Weep not—thou hast no longer cause to fear ;  
Look on me as a friend to serve thy need !  
What—wilt thou not mine insolence forget ?—  
Then must I try a spell more potent yet !”

## LXXIV.

He paused, and from his breast a packet drew ;—  
“ Damsel, receive thy lover’s pardon ! He  
This day may be restored to love and you :  
Accept the ordinance which sets him free !”—  
Oh ! never from the bow more quickly flew  
The arrow, than to clasp th’ Accuser’s knee  
That lady sprang—and to her lips she pressed  
The hand by which she was supremely blest !

## LXXV.

“ Rise, damsel, rise ! To me that you should kneel  
I am not worthy ! Ah ! let there be one  
Who, ’midst the wrecks around, may live to feel  
A single generous act by Tinville done !—  
Yes—for the heart, though fenced with triple steel,  
By woman’s tears to mercy may be won ;  
And I, who to the grief of man allow  
No pity, melt before a woman now !

## LXXVI.

“ Oh ! blest, then, be those magic charms which shed  
Their genial influence on th’ obdurate mind,  
Rekindling sympathies deemed long since dead,  
And rousing once again emotions kind.  
’Round woman there’s a glorious halo spread,  
By which the savage nature is refined :—  
And I this day have known, ’mid years of strife,  
The sweetest moment of my stormy life !”

## LXXVII.

He ceased, and raised the lady from the floor  
On which she knelt ;—and on her hand he prest  
His lips but for a moment—’twas no more  
Than the regard which might have been exprest  
By brother unto sister. Then before  
Honour had time to ooze out from his breast—  
A trick which that same honour ’s wont to play—  
He led the lady from the house away.

## LXXVIII.

Oh! now how changed her heart—how bright her eye—  
How sweet the smile upon her lip that played—  
How cheered the voice in which she gave reply  
To the remarks that the Accuser made!  
This time the guillotine they passed not nigh,  
But through the streets unto the gardens strayed;  
And in the midst of the same avenue  
Where they had met, he bade her thus adieu:—

## LXXIX.

“Farewell, sweet lady! Now must end for me  
The brightest dream that I on earth may know—  
The only drop of pure felicity  
Mixed in my cup of bitters here below.  
We part—and different spheres in life may be  
The points to which respectively we go:  
May-days for you—for me a cold December—  
But until death must both this hour remember.

## LXXX.

“And if, when I am gone, you hear perchance  
Contumely and reproach heaped on my name,—  
If prejudice or malice should advance  
To cover Tinvillè's memory with shame;—  
Or, lady, should your eye hereafter glance  
Upon the page that marks my life with blame—  
These words with truth may issue from your heart,  
‘There was *one deed* from all the rest apart!’

## LXXXI.

He pressed the lady's hand, then turned away  
With hurried steps, and soon amidst the trees  
Was out of sight.—'Twas now the hour most gay,  
E'en for that gay resort—the Tuileries ;  
When the Parisian fashion loves to stray  
Amidst the groves to catch the gentle breeze,  
Eat ices and make love—discuss the news—  
Quote some fresh pun, or the last book abuse.

## LXXXII.

And at that epoch—though the gory hand  
Of death seemed stretched to seize new victims daily,  
Making the loveliest prospect in the land  
As frightful as was wont to be th' Old Bailey,  
When George the Third used to hang up a band  
Of ten at once, that they might dance more gaily ;—  
And though blood rolled through France like a swoll'n river,  
Each haunt of pleasure was as blythe as ever.

## LXXXIII.

The French will deck the scaffold's self with flowers ;  
Their very grave is made a garden sweet ;\*—  
Laughter and love rule ever in their bowers,  
Though earth be yawning underneath their feet :  
And when the dark cloud of their fortune lowers,  
Then as a play-fellow grim death they meet,  
And yield their neck unto the fatal knife  
With the same recklessness that marked their life.

\* Witness Pere La Chaise and other French Cemeteries.



## LXXXIV.

We said the Tuileries were gay, what time  
The lady and th' Accuser parted there :—  
Perchance it is the nature of the clime  
That makes the people happier than elsewhere ;  
And, were it not a very heinous crime  
To run down one's own country, I declare  
That I would sooner be a Frenchman, full  
Of spirits, than a surly sour John Bull.

## LXXXV.

'Tis laughable to see John Bull affect  
Profound contempt for all things Gallican ;  
And yet we universally detect  
Him borrowing from the French whene'er he can.  
Mark how he treats those fashions with respect  
Modelled upon the last Parisian plan ;  
And hear him, when he 's talking, introduce  
French phrases wholesale into common use.

## LXXXVI.

Open the popular novels of the day—  
Bulwer's and Blessington's—and you will find  
Their authors ever travelling from their way  
To bring French idioms in of every kind.  
John Bull too lately has ta'en much to play,  
That being a vice in Paris deemed refined ;  
And he can scarcely eat a chop unless it  
Has had a French *artiste* (well-paid) to dress it.

## LXXXVII.

French patent-leather boots, too, John Bull loves,  
And waistcoats on the best Parisian rules—  
Not to forget eau-de-cologne and gloves,  
Indecent pictures, laces, silks, and jewels :  
But where the Englishman his weakness proves—  
Indeed, where all true Britons act like fools,  
Is in dispensing heaps of hard-earned money  
For such as Ellsler and as Taglioni.

## LXXXVIII.

The Drama, termed “Legitimate,” may go  
Unto the Devil for what John Bull cares,  
So long as from th’ Italian hirelings flow  
To him the unintelligible airs ;  
Or foreign figurantes on lightsome toe  
Dance lewd exciting measures :—then he spares  
No coin his satisfaction to evince—  
But the shopkeeper\* straight becomes the prince.

## LXXXIX.

Into his cloudy island everything  
John Bull imports from foreign countries :—France  
Teaches him how to game, to dress, to sing,  
To dine, to drink champagne, to love, to dance ;  
From Germany he has his queen or king ;—  
But when all nations to the fight advance,  
Getting not wiser as his years grow ripper,  
He constantly is doomed “to pay the piper.”

\* Napoleon called the English “a nation of shopkeepers.”

## XC.

But to conclude this episode.—Not long  
Lingers the lady in the garden there :  
Anxious to quit that gay and busy throng,  
Her lover's liberty is now her care ;  
And as she hastes the crowded streets among,  
By many a dwelling vast and palace fair,  
Unto the prison gate, her eyes see only  
Him whom she pictures cheerless, sad, and lonely.

## CXI.

How busy is imagination when  
We're doomed to fancy that which others feel :  
Shadows become realities, and then  
What horrors on the mental vision steal !  
We look upon a palace as a den,  
When from our longing eyes its walls conceal  
Those whom we love and whom its galling chain  
And shackle in base servitude retain.

## XCII.

The lady pictured Juan with his glance  
Cast downward, and his arms crossed o'er his breast,  
While on his pale and haggard countenance  
Despair—dark, cold, and cheerless—was exprest.  
Then as her footsteps towards the gaol advance,  
Anxiety becomes her bosom's guest :—  
Is she deceived ? and could th' Accuser dare  
To take the life he promises to spare ?

## XCIII.

For a brief moment there was in her heart  
A feeling as if an abyss profound  
Opened beneath her feet : her lips apart  
Quivered with nervousness ;—she glanced around,  
And even at her shadow seemed to start,  
Like the young deer that lists the baying hound ;—  
Then, in another moment all was past,  
And the tears trickled down her features fast.

## XCIV.

'Twas a relief ; and the last drops that streamed  
From her long lashes, glistening as they fell,  
With rainbow hues of hopes unnumbered gleamed,  
And left behind a calm ineffable.  
There was a soft voice in her soul that seemed  
To murmur in sweet notes, "Thou hast done well !"  
And the expression of her face serene  
Now gave new charms unto her gracious mien.

## XCV.

And now the prison gate was reached : her hand  
Untrembling gave the order to restore  
Her lover to his freedom—and she scanned  
The face of him who read the paper o'er,  
To mark if it were really a command  
Powerful enough t' unroll that massive door :—  
The gaoler saw the signature, and said,  
"Enough—the Minister shall be obeyed."

## XCVI

Scarce from his lips had this assurance gone,  
When, like a sun-beam suddenly o'er-cast,  
The lady glided from the spot whereon  
A moment she had stood—and thence she passed  
With feet that barely seemed to tread upon  
The pavement over which they sped so fast :  
The gaoler stared, suprised to find that she  
Had not remained to mark the prisoner free.

## XCVII.

Following her with his eyes a little while,  
He murmured—" *Dieu ! quelle taille—quel pied—quelle grace !*  
But, Ah !" he added with sardonic smile,  
" I fear there's something wrong about the lass :  
Else why not wait to greet from ' durance vile '  
This stripling ? And how could it come to pass  
That she should bring the order for release ?—  
Wonders, upon my word, will never cease !"

## XCVIII.

He paused, then added—" But with such affairs  
'Tis not worth while, I think, my mind to puzzle :  
*Ma foi !* the business is not mine—but their's :—  
And Fouquier-Tinville yet will have a tuzzle  
With some of those ungovernable bears,  
Who do not like to see him drink and guzzle  
In this great age of moral reformation :—  
Though I can't see how they've improved the nation !

## XCIX.

“ *N’ importe !* This business is not mine—no more  
Than was the other ;—though I still must say  
I ne’er saw such a pretty girl before—  
And disappearing too in such a way !  
’Tis true, there’s not much in a prison door  
Attractive to the fashionable and gay ;  
And then, beside that reason, there may be  
Some stronger motive for this mystery !”

## C.

The gaoler was discreet—for he had seen  
Too much of prisons not to know full well  
That many a head, upon the guillotine,  
The victim of a tongue imprudent, fell.  
Thus with reserved, and almost sullen mien,  
He sought our hero in his narrow cell ;  
And, while Don Juan eyed him anxiously,  
Said naught beside the welcome words—“ You’re free !”

END OF CANTO THE FIFTH.

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